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APPLETONS' SCHOOL READERS

SECOND READER

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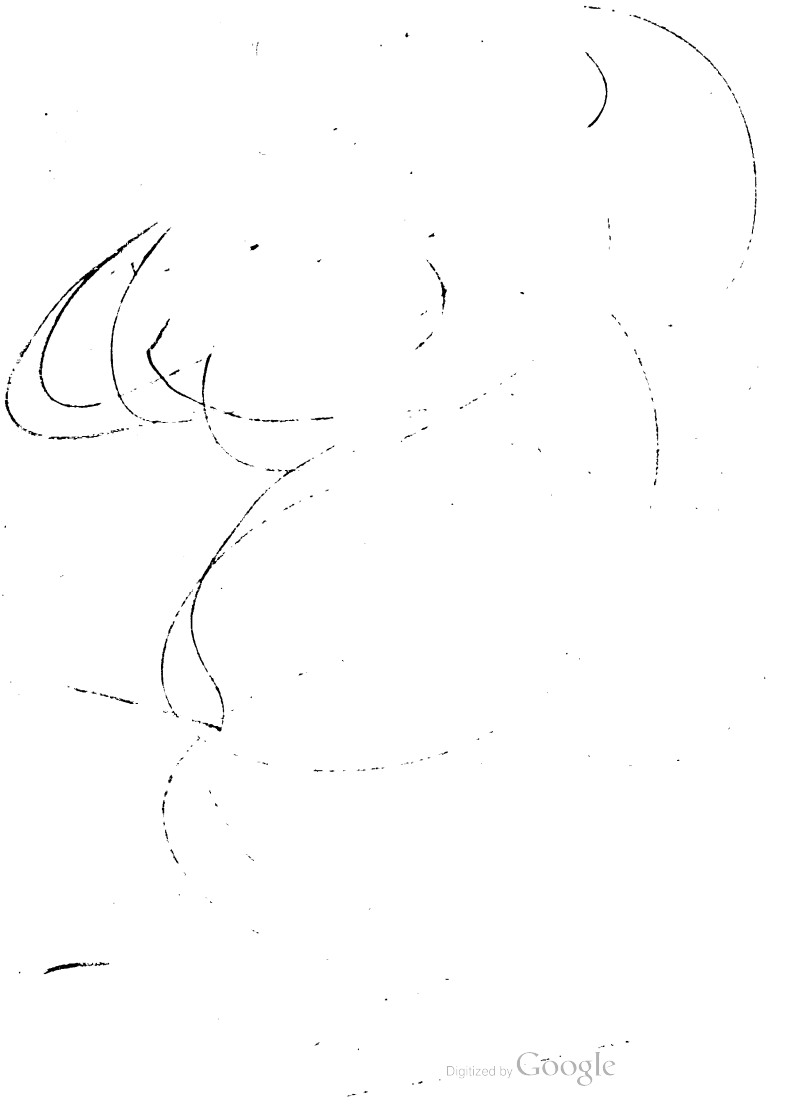

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The Woods.

(*See* p. 60.)

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APPLETONS' SCHOOL READERS.

THE

SECOND READER.

BY

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NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
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1886.

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FROM THE AUTHORS TO THE TEACHER.

MANY years' experience has shown the superiority of the phonic, supplemented by the word method, and it is therefore still carefully kept in view in this book. The use of the diacritical marks is extended. They should become as familiar to the pupil as the letters with which they are associated. The marking of silent letters aids to fix in the memory both the *form* and the *sound*—spelling and pronunciation—of words.

A few of our most common words, which contain the more unusual sounds of the vowels, such as fȧst, gĭrl, hĕr, pu̇t, etc., are used in the first reading-lessons, but are purposely omitted from the spelling-lists. Most of the children who are ready to take up this book know these words by sight already, and those who do not should learn them by sight only. To avoid the confusion which is likely to arise in the child's mind from trying to learn in quick succession many nice distinctions between the sounds of the vowels and their corresponding diacritical marks, even the attempt to spell these words by sound should be discouraged, until they may be taken up in such manner as to make a clear and lasting impression upon the memory.

The longer words to be met with in this Reader belong to the common vocabulary, and the child should learn to recognize them in print as he does in speech. Being kept within the understanding of the child, he will learn to use them in conversation the more readily because they are to be found in his Reader, one object of which should be to train him in the use of good language. They are not necessarily more difficult because they contain more letters or syllables.

Though the phonic method has been kept in view in the arrangement of its reading-matter, this book is as well adapted as other books to any different method of instruction which may be preferred by the teacher.

The diacritical marks in this and other books of the series are those of Webster's Dictionary.

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KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION.

VOWELS.

REGULAR LONG AND SHORT SOUNDS.

Ā, ā, *long*.....as in Āte, Cāme, Grāy.
Ă, ă, *short*..... ..... " Ăt, Hăve, Făn.
Ē, ē, *long*..... " Thēse, Shē, Mēat.
Ĕ, ĕ, *short*..... " Ĕnd, Mĕt, Lĕtter.
Ī, ī, *long*..... " Īce, Fīne, Prīde.
Ĭ, ĭ, *short*..... " Ĭll, Fĭn, Thĭmble.
Ō, ō, *long*..... " Ōld, Nōte, Lōaf.
Ŏ, ŏ, *short*..... ..... " Ŏn, Nŏt, Sŏng.
Ū, ū, *long*..... ..... " Ūse, Tūbe, Flūte.
Ŭ, ŭ, *short*..... " Ŭs, Tŭb, Stŭdy.
Ȳ, ȳ, *long*..... ..... " Flȳ, Skȳ, Stȳle.
Y̆, y̆, *short*..... ..... " Abyss, Nymph, Very.

OCCASIONAL SOUNDS.

Â, â..... as in Âir, Shâre, Beâr.
Ä, ä (*Italian*)..... " Ärm, Cär, Fäther.
Ȧ, ȧ..... " Ȧsk, Grȧss, Dȧnce.
Ạ, ạ, *broad*..... " Ạll, Hạul, Strạw.
Ạ, ạ, like short *o*..... " Whạt, Wạtch, Wạs.
Ê, ê, like *â*..... " Thêre, Whêre, Hêir.
E̊, e̊, like long *a*..... " E̊ight, Pre̊y, Obe̊y.
Ẽ, ẽ, before *r*... ..... " Hẽr, Prefẽr, Pẽrson.
Ï, ï, like long *e*..... " Machïne, Polïce, Pïque.
Ĭ, ĭ, like *ẽ*..... " Thĭrd, Bĭrd, Thĭrsty.
Ȯ, ȯ, like short *u*..... " Sȯn, Dȯne, Ȯther.
Ọ, ọ, like long *oo*..... " Dọ, Prọve, Mọve.
Ọ, ọ, like short *oo*..... " Wọlf, Cọuld, Wọman.

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Ô, ô, like broad *a* ....as in Fôrk, Thôrn, Ôught.
O͞O, o͞o, *long* ..... " Mo͞on, Fo͞od, Ballo͞on.
O͝O, o͝o, *short* .... " Fo͝ot, Go͝od, Wo͝ol.
Ụ, ụ, preceded by *r*..... .... " Rụde, Rụle, Frụit.
Ụ, ụ, like short *oo*..... " Bụsh, Pụll, Pụt.
Û, û ... . " Bûrn, Cûrl, Ûrge.
A line drawn through a letter marks it silent..... " Pīe, Cōat, Knīfe.
e, i, o (*Italic*) also mark a silent letter " Fall*e*n, Cous*i*n, Mas*o*n.

REGULAR DIPHTHONGAL SOUNDS.

Oi, oi, or Oy, oy (unmarked) .....as in Oil, Join, Toy, Oyster.
Ou, ou, or Ow, ow (unmarked) ... " Out, Found, Owl, Vowel.

CONSONANTS.

Ç, ç, *soft*, like *s sharp* .....as in Içe, Plaçe, Notiçe.
C, c, *hard*, like *k* ..... " Call, Come, Care.
Ch, ch (unmarked) ..... " Child, Much, Touching.
Çh, çh, *soft*, like *sh* ..... " Maçhine, Çhaise.
Ch, ch, *hard*, like *k*..... ..... " School, Chorus, Christmas.
G̃, g̃, *hard* ..... " G̃et, Beg̃in, Tig̃er.
Ġ, ġ, *soft*, like *j*..... .. " Ġem, Ġentle, Ġiant.
S, s, *sharp* (unmarked) ..... " Same, Rest, Yes.
Ş, ş, *soft*, or *vocal*, like *z*..... " Haş, Amuşe, Carş.
Th, th, *sharp* (unmarked) ..... " Thin, Thorn, Throw.
Th, th, *flat*, or *vocal*.. ..... " These, Bathe, That.
Ng, ng (unmarked) ..... " Sing, Rang, Song.
N̤, n̤ (sound of *ng*) ..... " Thin̤k, Lon̤ger, Un̤cle.
X̱, x̱, like *gz*..... " Ex̱ist, Ex̱amine, Ex̱ample.
Ph, ph, like *f* (unmarked)..... " Orphan, Cipher.
Gh, gh, like *f* (unmarked) ..... " Enough, Laugh.
Qu, qu, like *kw* (unmarked) ..... " Queen, Queer, Quick.
Wh, wh, like *hw* (unmarked)..... " What, When, Awhile.

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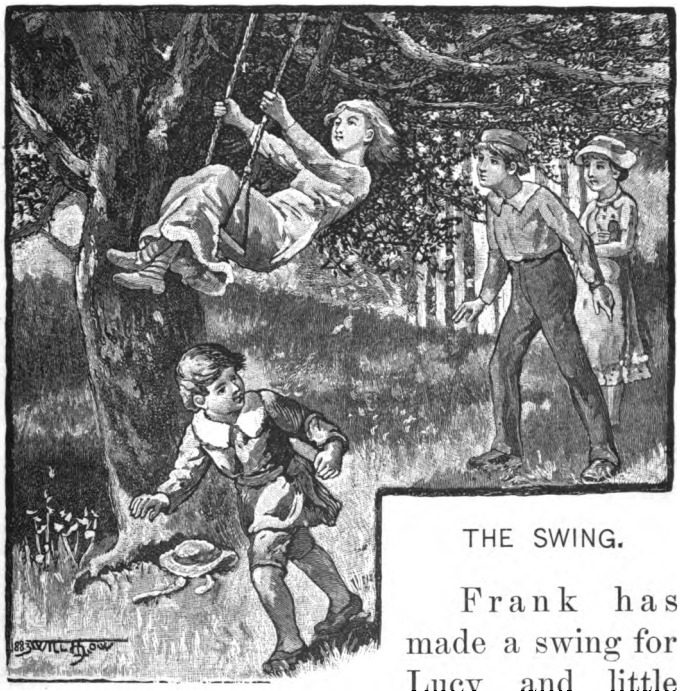
SECOND READER.

LESSON I.



THE SWING.

Frank has made a swing for Lucy and little Tom. It is in the old apple-tree that stands by the gate.

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Amy has come to visit Lucy and Tom, and they are giving her a fine swing. See how Tom can run under!

Lucy has her hat on, but the wind has blown Amy's hat off. You can see it lying on the ground.

It is May. The grass is fresh and green.

On the apple-tree, little pink buds peep out from under the leaves.

Soon those buds will open into pink blossoms, and fill the air with a sweet scent.

LESSON II.

ä

bärn	trīȩd	housȩ
yärd	noiṣȩ	wo͝odṣ
bärkȩd	greāt	dĭn′-ner

THE FOX.

One day a fox came out of the woods near our house, and tried to catch a hen in the barn.

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But the hens saw him, and made a great noise.

Hero was in the yard, and he ran into the barn and drove the fox off.

Hero did not catch him, but he barked so loud, that the fox ran for his life back to the woods.

He did not get one of our hens for dinner that day.

Is not Hero a good dog?

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the pictures:

Did the catch the fox?

No; the ran into the woods.

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LESSON III.

â

dâr̤d	därt′-ed	sa̤ṳ′-çy	wrĕn
a-wā̤y̤′	gär′-de̤n	mŭs̤′-lin	tī′-ny

THE WREN.

The wren is a tiny bird, but it is a bold one. And it is so busy and so merry!

Once a lady sat in her garden, with a book in her hand. She had on a muslin dress with gay spots upon it.

A wren came hopping about her. It wanted to find out what those spots were, so it dared to come very close to the lady.

The lady kept still, and soon the saucy bird gave a peck at one of the spots, and then it darted away.

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the pictures:

A bird can make a pretty .

The is a tiny bird.

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LESSON IV.

Words to be spelled by sound and by letter.

ä

fär	äre	ärm	därk
ear	stär	yärn	lärge
jär	härd	färm	märked

â

bâre	âir	teâr	eâre
spâre	fâir	beâr	pâir
stâre	stâir	weâr	peâr

a

call ball fault
straw salt wa-ter
want talk drawn

Copy these words, and mark the vowels and silent letters :

hair	haul	harm	dare
barn	chair	hawk	bear
fall	cart	warm	part

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LESSON V.

brôught	Ĕl′-sie	sĭs′-ter
thôught	fīn′-est	gär′-dĕn
grōw′-ing	dēar′-ly	e-nŏŭgh′ (e-nŭf′)

THE ROSE.

Little Elsie has been ill, and her sister Mary has brought her a rose.

"What a pretty rose that is, Mary! Where did you get it?" said Elsie.

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"I found it in the garden, Elsie; it was growing near the fence. I thought you would like to have it."

"Thank you, Mary! It is very kind in you to think of me."

Copy the title and the first paragraph.

LESSON VI.

ȯ

frȯnt	nīçę	pō′-ny	sŭn′-shīnę
ėȯmę	quītę	wąrm	dōǫr′-stĕp
shăll	ḳnōw	ęąught	a-gain′ (a-gĕn′)

NAT AND PUSSY.

Pussy lay on the door-step in the sunshine; and she thought, "How nice and warm it is here!" So she lay quite still, for she was very sleepy.

Nat was at play in the yard with his little cart. When he saw Pussy there on the door-step, he said, "Come, Pussy; you shall be my pony, and draw my cart!"

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Then he ran and caught her, and tied her in front of his cart. But the cart was so big that Pussy could not draw it; so she lay down again.

"O Pussy!" said Nat, "this will not do at all! You are too little to draw my cart. No—the cart is too big. I know what I will do: I will play that my hat is a little cart."

Then Nat took the cart away, and tied his hat to the cat.

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"That is fine!" he said. "Now I will fill the hat with grass, and we shall have a load of hay. There it is! Now get up, Pussy, and draw it to the barn!"

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the pictures and the dash:

Nat tried to make play that she was a little .

The —— was too big for Pussy to draw.

LESSON VII.

tạll	sīght	a-bout′	a-mòng′
tạlk	weeds	a-erŏss′	erў′-ing

PUSSY AND NAT.

Nat made Pussy "get up," but she did not like it very much.

She did not say so, for she could not talk about it; but she saw that the gate was open, so she ran out into the road.

"Come back, Pussy," said Nat; "that is

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not the way to the barn." But Pussy did not want to come back; so she ran across the road, into the woods.

Nat followed her, crying, "Come back, Pussy!—come back, and give me my hat." But Pussy was soon out of sight among the tall weeds.

Little Nat ran on and on, but he could not find Pussy.

Copy the words at the head of the lesson.

LESSON VIII.

ą

waș	limb	elimbed	fąll'-ing
watch	ēaș'-y	an-ŏth'-er	hŏp'-ping

NAT IN THE WOODS.

Nat sat down on a log to rest, for he was quite tired. He saw a bird in the tree above him, hopping about on a limb.

It had a bright-red head and black wings. Nat thought he would watch it.

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But soon it darted away. "I will run and see where it is flying to," said Nat; but just then he saw something big and black, running about among the trees.

He thought it must be a bear; but it was not a bear—it was only old Ben, his dog. Oh, how glad Nat was to see him!

He put his arms about the dog's neck, and gave him a good hug, and said, "I am so glad it is you, Ben!"

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Ben licked Nat's face, to let him know that he was glad too. Then Nat said, "I am tired, and want to go home, Ben. You must be my pony, and let me ride on your back."

So Nat climbed upon Ben's back. He caught hold of the thick hair on the dog's neck, to keep from falling off. "Now, Ben," he said, "let us go home."

Ben was a big, strong dog, and it was quite easy for him to carry the little boy.

Soon they came out of the woods. The gate was still open, so Nat rode into the yard. And there was Pussy! She was lying near the well, but the hat was gone.

Nat went into the house, and told his mother all that you have read in this story. And he said that, another time, he would not try to make a wagon of his hat.

Write answers to these questions, and let each answer be a complete sentence:

Where was the bird that Nat saw?
Was it a bear that Nat saw in the woods?
How did Nat get home?

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LESSON IX.

Words to be spelled by sound and by letter.

ô

fôrk	ôught	thôrn
shôrt	bôught	stôrm
hôrse	brôught	môrn′-ing

ȯ

nȯne	lȯve	ȯl′-or	mȯn′-ey
dȯne	dȯve	ȯv′-er	mȯth′-er
ȯme	glȯve	a-mȯng′	nȯth′-ing

ō

rōpe	cōat	bōne	pōle
rōad	lōaf	bōne	hōme
hōld	pōur	dōor	stōve

ạ

wạs	wạsp	wạsh
whạt	swạn	wạtch

Copy these words, and mark the vowels and silent letters:

was	boat	cord	some
stone	watch	glove	corks

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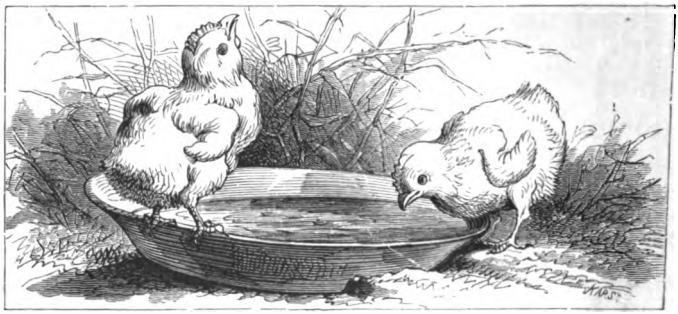
LESSON X.

plĕa$ş'-urę trĕa$ş'-urę lĭvę'-lŏng



Kippy! Kippy! what a pleasure!
Kippy! Kippy! such a treasure!
Here's a lake of water clear;
Little Polly put it here.

See, the water has a sky
Like the one that shines so high;
All the other birds are there,
Playing in the sunny air.

Shall we ever sing and play
In the sky the livelong day?
Oh, no, no! such silly tricks
Would not do for downy chicks.

Write two sentences about this picture.

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LESSON XI.

ēast	līght	clouds	shīn′-ing
wĕst	frĕsh	sŭn′-rīse	with-out′

THE SUNRISE.

Let us go and see the sun rise. Come to the top of the hill, where we can see the light shining on the water. How bright and red the clouds are!

Can you tell me where the sun rises? It rises in the east, and it sets in the west.

Do you hear the birds singing in the tops of the trees? How glad they are to see the sun once more after the long, dark night!

We are glad too—are we not? The sun gives us light and heat, and we could not live without it.

God made the sun to shine by day. He made the moon and stars to shine by night.

Copy these sentences, and draw a line under the words which sound alike, but are not spelled alike:

Did you see the sun rise?
Ships sail on the sea.

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LESSON XII.

pāil	eqŭş'-in	chĭl'-dren
wādę	wŏn'-der	sēă'-shōrę
piēçę	brŏth'-er	drăg'-ging

THE SEA-SHORE.

I wonder what these children are doing? That little girl with the pail in her hands is looking at us; let us ask her.

"Little girl, what are you going to do with that pail?"

"I am going to fill it with sea-water from that big wave that is just coming in."

"What is your name, little girl?"

"My name is Ida; and that little girl dragging the piece of sea-weed in the sand is my cousin Alice."

"And what is the name of that girl holding the little boy while he wades in the water?"

"That is my cousin Amy, and the boy is her brother Nat. Nat is afraid: you

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can see that he is afraid by the way he hangs back and leans against Amy."

"Would you be afraid, little girl?—Ida, I mean."

"Oh, no! I have been to the sea-shore before."

"What is that tall round house, high up on the rock?"

"That is a light-house. Didn't you ever see a light-house before?"

Write the names of all the things you see in this picture.

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LESSON XIII.

ê

thêir
whêre
rā′-vẹn
stā′-blẹ
friẹnds
pĕckẹd
pärt′-ed
răb′-bits

fõnd
ūsẹd
erōw
tāmẹ
mŭch
whĕn
bōnẹs
brōkẹ

THE RAVEN AND THE DOG.

What kind of a bird is the raven? It is like a crow, only it is much larger. It kills and eats little rabbits and hares, as well as birds.

If you tame a raven, it will grow very fond of you. Ravens know their friends, and love them.

A raven and a dog once lived in the same yard, and the raven grew very fond of the dog. One day the dog broke his leg, and had to lie on some hay in the stable.

The raven used to carry to him all the

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bones that came in his way, and used to stay with him.

One night the stable-door was shut when the raven was outside. What did the raven do, now that he was parted from the dog? Where did he stay?

He pecked at the door all night, and almost made a hole in it.

Copy the first paragraph.

LESSON XIV.

ẽ

hẽrṣ	lo͝ok	sto͝od	rǫŭgh (rŭf)
wẽrę	kīnd	a-frāid′	bę-ęa̤uṣę′
ēa̤ch	go͝od	frı̆ĕndṣ	wĭn′-dōw

SNOW AND ROUGH.

A cat and a dog once lived with each other in the same house.

The cat was called "Snow," because her coat was so white.

The dog's name was "Rough," because he had a rough coat.

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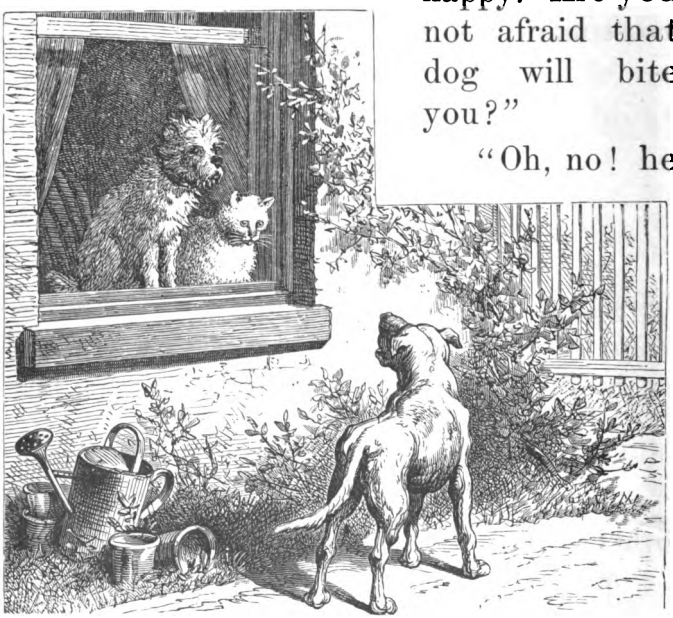
One day, as they sat side by side looking out of the window, a black cat came by. All the dogs called her "Scratch."

Scratch looked up at Snow, and began to talk to her.

"Well, Snow," she said, "you look very happy. Are you not afraid that dog will bite you?"



"Oh, no! he never bites me," said Snow. "We are very good friends, for I am kind to him, and he is kind to me."

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Then Scratch went away.

After Scratch had gone, a large dog came by. The cats called him "Bite."

Bite stood still when he saw Snow and Rough at the window.

"Well, Rough," said he, "you look quite happy. Are you not afraid that cat will scratch you with those sharp claws of hers?"

"Oh, no!" said Rough; "Snow never scratches me. We are good friends. When she has milk, she gives me some of it; and when I have meat, I always give her a piece."

Then Bite went away, and Snow and Rough were glad they were so kind and happy.

Write answers to these questions, and let each answer be a complete sentence:

What was the color of the good cat?
What was the color of the bad cat?
What word means the opposite of "white"?
What kind of a dog was Rough?
What kind of a dog was Bite?
What word means the opposite of "good"?

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LESSON XV.

drĕss	hēard	ŭn′-el	her-sĕlf′
knīfe	wĭshed	lăd′-der	stō′-ries
wrŏng	strānge	fĭn′-ger	lo͝ok′-ing

WILLIE'S STORY.

One day, when Willie had been reading in his new book, his mother wished him to tell her what he had read in it, and Willie said:

"I read about a little girl who wanted to do just as she liked for one whole day.

"Her mother said she could. So the little girl cut her own bread and butter; but she let the knife slip, and cut her finger.

"Then she ate so much candy that she made herself sick. Then she put on her prettiest dress to play in the garden, and tore it.

"And then she went up a ladder, which her mother never would let her climb, and when she was up very high she heard a noise in the garden.

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"It was the dog barking at a strange cat, mamma; and while the little girl was looking around to see what it was, she put her foot on the wrong part of the ladder.

"I mean, mamma, she only put her toe on the round; so her foot slipped, and she fell, and was almost killed.

"That was the end of her day of doing just as she liked."

Write a sentence having in it the word knife.
Write a sentence having in it the word ladder.

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LESSON XVI.

Words to be spelled by sound and by letter.

ê

thêre whêre thêir

ẽ

wẽre hẽr lẽarn pẽrch
ẽarth fẽrn vẽrse ẽar'-ly
hẽard jẽrk sẽarch çẽr'-tain

ĕ

ē

Copy these words, and mark the vowels and silent letters:

then	here	her	there
where	fern	sled	stream

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LESSON XVII.

pīęs	grāpęs	ĕŏf′-fee	bĕr′-ry
flĕsh	bēąsts	mŭt′-tęn	for-gĕt′

FOOD.

We must never forget that we do not live to eat, but that we eat to live.

Our food is the flesh of beasts, birds, and fish, and the fruits of the earth.

Beef is the flesh of the ox, pork is the flesh of the pig, and mutton is the flesh of the sheep.

Apples grow on trees, and grapes grow on vines. Turnips and beets grow in the ground.

Bread and cake are made of flour. Tea is the leaf of a bush which grows in the far East. Coffee is the seed of a berry which grows on a tree.

Salt, which is put into most of our food, is got from mines, or from salt-water wells.

Write a sentence having in it the word apple.
Write a sentence having in it the word beef.
Write a sentence having in it the word ground.

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LESSON XVIII.

o

could	would	should
kĕpt	frīght	knew (nū)
mēal	gō′-ing	hŏn′-est
stēal	sŭf′-fer	hŭn′-gry
thief	my-sĕlf′	trŭb′-le
crĕpt	ăp′-ples	squēal′-ing

THE THIEF.

My little pig was a thief. If he had been a good, honest little pig, he would have kept out of trouble. But if any one will steal, he will be sure to suffer for it, and so this little pig found out.

His mother told him to stay in the lot and behave himself as a good pig should, and not run off; for if he did, she said, he would get into trouble.

But he thought he knew better than his mother; so, when she was not looking, he crept under the fence into the yard at the back of the house.

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There he saw a great heap of apples. "Ah!" said he, "now I will help myself to a good meal of these nice apples. There are no other big, hungry pigs here to eat them. I shall have them all to myself. How I do like apples!"

But, just as he was going to take an apple, a great black dog ran at him and bit him on the ear, and drove him out of the yard.

What a fright the poor pig was in! He crept back under the fence as fast as he could, and went squealing to his mother.

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the pictures and the dashes:

This little was a thief.
He crept under the —— into the yard.

Just as he was going to take an a black —— came and drove him away.

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LESSON XIX

å

fåst	swĭft	bŏt′-tom	lȳ′-ing
påst	smärt	shout′-ed	rŭn′-ner
dĭtch	strŭck	stŭm′-bled	a-gainst′ (-gĕnst′)

PLAYING BALL

"Away it goes!" shouted Dick Chase, as he struck the ball with all his might. "Away it goes! Now, let us see who will catch it!"

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The boys all ran as fast as they could. George Carr was a very swift runner, and soon ran ahead of the other two boys; but he stumbled, and fell on the rough ground. John and Willie ran against each other, and they, too, fell down.

What became of the ball? It came down, and rolled into the ditch. The ditch was wide and very deep, and it was half full of water.

While the boys were trying to reach the ball with long sticks, who should come past but Rover!

He was not afraid of getting wet; so down he jumped into the ditch, and brought the ball out in his mouth, and gave it to Dick.

"What a smart dog you are, Rover!" said Willie. "Come, now; the ball will soon be dry, and then you must play ball with us."

Rover thought it was great fun to run and play ball with the boys. He soon learned to play very well. He would catch

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the ball in his mouth, and run with it to the boys.

Write the name of the boy who struck the ball.

Write the name of the boy who was a very swift runner.

Write the names of the other boys.

Write the dog's name.

Write your teacher's name.

Write your own name.

LESSON XX.

û

fûr	blīnd	lĭt′-tl̤	a̤l′-mōst
pûrr	shärp	mouth	quĭck′-ly
teeth	cla̤ws	ĭn′-sīd̤	tēa̤ch′-er

LUCY AND LITTLE TOM

"Come, Tom, let us play that you are a blind boy, and that I am your teacher."

"Well," said Tom, and then he sat down and shut his eyes.

"Now, little boy, what is this?" said Lucy, as she put something into his hand.

"This, ma'am, is a cat."

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"Very good, little boy. Now, what can you tell me about the cat?"

"The cat's fur is soft; she has a long, round tail; she has four legs and four feet. The cat has a head and two ears; she has two eyes, and a nose, and a mouth."

"Very good, indeed! Now, can you tell something more about the cat, little blind boy?"

"The bottom of the cat's foot feels like

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the inside of my hand, and she has sharp claws. And the cat can purr."

"What a bright little boy you are for a blind boy! But now, poor little boy, I will tell you something about the cat that you do not know, because you can not see.

"The cat's fur is black and white; her eyes are yellow, with black spots in them; her little nose is pink, and her teeth are white.

"Poor, dear little boy, I am sorry you can not see how pretty the cat is!"

Then Tom opened his eyes very quickly. Lucy spoke so sadly, he almost thought that he was blind.

Copy this story, and write words in place of the figures and the dashes:

MY CAT.

My cat has 4 feet and 2 ears.
She has yellow eyes and —— fur.
Her claws are ——, and she can scratch with ——. Her name is ——.

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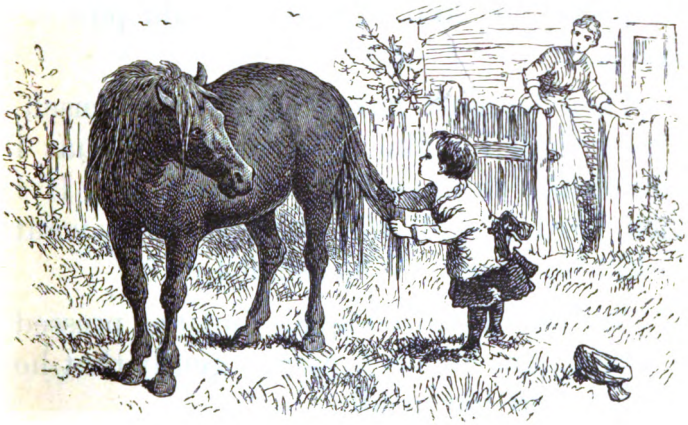
LESSON XXI.

u

pụt	erīẹd	brĕast	pĕssẹd
pụll	wọụld	lĭft′-ed	thôụght
whạt	shọụld	ġĕn′-tly	rŭn′-ning



JACK AND THE CHILD.

I will tell you a story about my friend Jack. Jack was a small black pony, very kind and gentle.

He was so tame that, when I went into the field and said, "Come up, Jack—come up!" he would come running to me from the other end of the field.

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He liked to eat a bit of bread out of my hand, and would put back his ears and rub his nose on my arm.

One day a child went into the field to see Jack, and the child pulled Jack's tail. She did not think that this would hurt him; but Jack did not like that she should pull his tail.

Then he must have thought to himself, "How shall I make the child know that I do not like to have her pull my tail? If I kick hard, I shall kill her. I do not want to kill the child. What shall I do?"

And so Jack lifted up his foot, and pressed it against the child's breast so gently that he did not hurt her at all.

But the child cried out as if she were hurt, and ran off, and did not pull Jack's tail any more.

Write answers to these questions, and let each answer be a complete sentence:

How did Jack let the child know that she should not pull his tail?

What kind of pony was Jack?

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LESSON XXII.

Words to be spelled by sound and by letter.

å

åsk	påss	dånçe	åft'-er
flåsk	ålåss	chånçe	bås'-ket
gråss	glåss	brånch	mås'-ter

ụ

fụll	pụsh	pụt	joy'-fụl
pụll	bụsh	pụss	cârẹ'-fụl

û

fûr	ûrn	tûrf
cûr	bûrn	bûrst
bûrr,	tûrn	chûrch

Copy these words, and mark the vowels and silent letters:

past	fast-en	bush-es	hurt-ing
purse	purred	grass-es	push-ing

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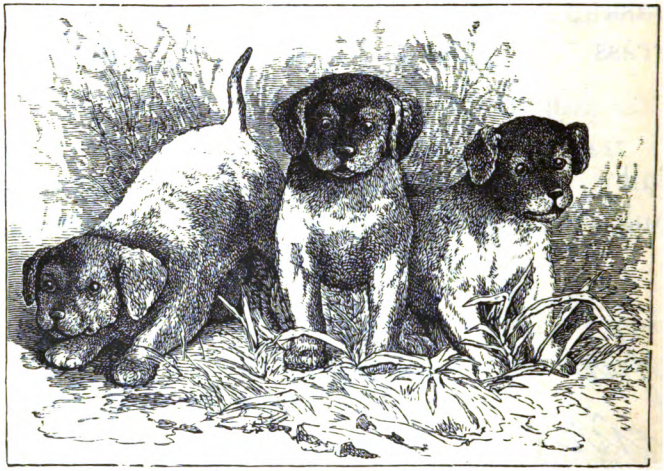
LESSON XXIII.

three	blăck	be-lĭēvę′
whītę	thēsę	whĭs′-tlę
wątch	queer	mȯth′er
seemş	grȧss	an-ȯth′-er



THE THREE DOGS.

Ho! ho! ho!
Three dogs in a row;
Two dogs are white,
So is the other;
All three dogs
Watch for another.

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Ha! ha! ha!
Who ever did see
Such dogs—queer dogs—
As these dogs three?
The dog out of sight,
Which we call the other,
It seems these little dogs
Call their mother.

Ho! ho! ho!
These dogs can go!
There, in the grass.
They look at you so!
Two heads are black—
Why, so are the three!
I believe I'll whistle,
And call them to me.

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the dashes:

The little dog in the —— is pouting.

The little dog with his ears up —— something.

The little dog with his nose down —— somebody.

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LESSON XXIV.

eôrn	dŭst′-y	hĕav′-y
grĭst	pōured	shōwed
wheel	eŏf′-fee	hŏp′-per
whēat	be-tween′	dān′-ger

A MILL.

Guy and Freddy like to go down to the mill, which stands by the side of the brook.

There they watch the great wheel, as the water dashes upon it and turns it round and round, to make the mill go.

Once the miller let them go into the mill. He went with them, and took good care that they should not get into any danger.

What a great noise the mill made!—and

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how hot and dusty it was in there! At the sides of the room were bags filled with wheat and corn. The miller told them that the wheat and corn which is brought to the mill is called "grist."

Then he showed them the hoppers into which the grist is poured. There was one hopper for the wheat, and one for the corn.

The miller poured corn into one hopper, and showed the boys how it ran down between two heavy stones, and was ground into corn-meal.

Into the other hopper he poured some wheat, which ran down between two other heavy stones, and was ground into flour.

Then the miller showed them how this flour is sifted until all the bran is taken out of it, and only the fine white flour is left.

Write answers to these questions, and let each answer be a complete sentence:

What do we call a man who takes care of a mill? From what is flour made?

What do we call corn after it is ground?

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LESSON XXV.

lēave	voiçe	elŏş'-et	stŏpped
shoŏk	stoŏd	fŏnd'-ly	ō'-pened
lĭst'-en	hēard	spōk'-en	wŏn'-der

BE A GOOD GIRL!

"Be a good girl, Dolly! Don't do anything naughty while I'm gone." And Katy shook her finger at Dolly as she opened the door to leave the room.

And what do you think was in Katy's mind when she said this? She had been playing alone with her Dolly for a good while, when all at once she thought of the basket of cake which she had seen in her mamma's cupboard; and as soon as she thought of the cake she began to want a piece.

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But mamma had told her never to go to this cupboard to help herself; so she tried not to think about the cake, but still the thought would come. At last she said to herself, "I'll get only a tiny piece!"—as if it wasn't as wrong to take a little piece as a big one.

Just as Katy opened the cupboard-door, she thought she heard her mother's voice. She stopped to listen. "Be a good girl, Katy!" It seemed as if the words were spoken. "Don't do anything naughty while I am gone." Just what she had said to Dolly.

Katy stood wondering. Mamma was not at home; nobody was near; then who could it be? She said softly to herself, "I guess it's one of the angels mamma tells me about. I was going to be naughty, but I won't."

And the little girl went back to her Dolly, and kissed it fondly, saying, as she danced about the room, "Dear Dolly was a good girl, and didn't do anything naughty while her mamma was gone."

Copy the title and the first paragraph.

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LESSON XXVI.

ĭ

gĭrl	tĭm′-id	wạnt′-ed
fĭrst	seemẹd	pĕr′-sonṣ
ạụnt	găth′-er	kīnd′-ness
bĭrdṣ	pŏck′-et	mount′-ain (-ĭn)

LONELY BESSIE.

Little Bessie lived alone with her aunt on a high mountain. Few persons ever came to see them, and Bessie was often very lonely.

Bessie helped her aunt in many ways, but after her little work was done she had no one to play with; so she would go out on the mountain and gather flowers and mosses and pretty stones, and watch the birds and butterflies.

There she often met a goat jumping about from rock to rock. He had two horns, a long beard, and a coat of black hair, that was long and glossy.

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She wanted to make friends with him, but he was timid and shy, and would not let her come near to him.

One day she took with her, in her pocket, a piece of bread, and fed it to the goat. She had to throw it to him at first, as he would not come near enough to eat from her hand.

After a few days he became quite tame, and would eat from her hand, and let her stroke his glossy coat. At last he was won by her kindness, and met the loving look in her eyes with one which seemed to say,

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"Little girl, we will always be friends." And so they were. Love makes friends everywhere.

Write one sentence about Bessie.
Write two sentences about the goat.

LESSON XXVII.

o͝o

yo͝u	queer	sā'-ing
whose	dĭn'-ner	rēached
through	ĕry'-ing	naught'-y
dŭck'-ing	lo͝ok'-ing	bärn'-yärd

CHICKS THAT WERE NOT CHICKS.

Dick put ten eggs under his hen, and she sat on them until they were hatched. She wished very much to see ten pretty chicks come out of them, but she had bad luck.

The eggs were not her own eggs, but the eggs of a duck; and so it was ten little ducks that pecked their way through the shells, and not ten chicks. "Cluck! cluck!" said the hen. "Whose chicks are

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these? What queer-looking chicks they are!" She led them into the barn-yard, and began to pick up food for them, saying, "Cluck! cluck! Pick it up! pick it up!"

The little ducks would have understood

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"Quack! quack!" much better; but they understood "Cluck! cluck!" very well, and began to pick up their food as fast as they could.

The hen then took them away to the pond to drink some water after dinner. As soon as they saw the pond they cried, "Quack! quack! Oh, the pretty water! Come, come—let us swim!"

And they all ran into it as fast as they could, and swam away, ducking their little heads under the water. The poor hen could not swim at all, and she thought that her ten little ones would be drowned.

So she ran up and down, and stood on a big rock, crying, "Cluck! cluck! Come back quick, you naughty chicks! Come back! come back! You will be drowned!" But the ducks swam off into the pond, and did not mind what she said.

Copy these words, and divide them into their syllables:

away	better	dinner
water	began	saying
ducking	pretty	wanted

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LESSON XXVIII.

u̱

tru̱e	be-gu̱n′	gōld′-e̱n	kīnd′-ly
wāit	sĭl′-ver	twĭṉk′-le̱	fāint′-ly

THE STAR.

Little star, so high, so high,
Shining in the deep-blue sky—
Little star, so far, so far,
Who can tell me what you are?

When the golden day is done,
And the night is just begun,
Then I wait and watch for you,
As you twinkle through the blue.

When the night grows dark and chill,
Then you shine more bright and still;
And your kindly watch you keep
While the little children sleep.

Little star, so high, so high,
Shining in the far-off sky—
Silver star, I love you true,
And to-night I'll dream of you!

Commit this poem to memory.

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LESSON XXIX.

Words to be spelled by sound and by letter.

ī

gīrl	stīr	fīrst	thīrst
bīrd	chīrp	thīrd	mīrth

o̤

tw o̤	lo̤s̤e	mo̤ve	wo̤und
wh o̤	sh o̤es̤	pr o̤ve	wh o̤s̤e

ṳ

rṳle	frṳit	trṳe	erṳ′-el
rṳde	brṳis̤e	prṳne	trṳ′-ly

ī

like *line* *drive*
kind *hide* *shine*
mine *fire* *blind*

Copy these words, and mark the vowels and silent letters:

while	shirt	kind-ly	mov-ing
brute	truth	thirst-y	chirp-ing

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LESSON XXX.

çĭt′-y	a-round′	fēld
tī′-ny	stŭd′-ied	grāin
dămp	hŭn′-dredş	cōurse

ANTS.

Men who have studied about ants tell us that there are ants which build little cities. Of course, it takes hundreds of ants working together to build even a very little city.

When the city is done, they clear a little field around it; that is, they take out of the field all the grass and weeds, and all the sticks and stones. Then they plant their grain.

Their grain is a kind of grass which bears a seed very much like tiny grains of rice. When this grain is ripe, they gather it, and take it into their houses.

If they find the seeds are too damp to keep, they carry them out again and lay them in the sunshine to dry. When the seeds are dry, they carry them back into their houses, and keep them for food.

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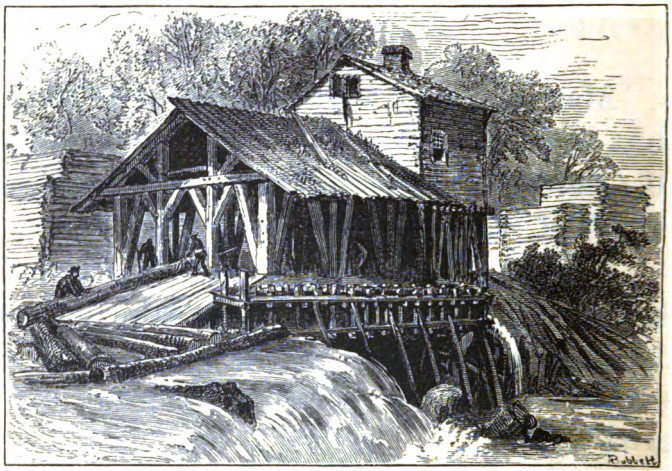
LESSON XXXI.

sçĕnt	ĭn′-sīde	pĭct′-ūre
ăx′-eş	out′-sīde	an-ŏth′-er
a-round′	be-yŏnd′	re-mĕm′-ber



ANOTHER MILL.

Do you remember what you read about the grist-mill to which Guy and Freddy like so much to go?

Here is another mill, to which they go sometimes with their father. This mill is not on the brook, but down on the river, where there is a water-fall.

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This is a saw-mill, where boards are made. What a great pile of boards they have outside of the mill!

Do you know where they get the logs to make into boards?

Men go into the woods with axes, and chop down the big trees; they cut these into logs, and then float them down the river to the mill.

Do you see the logs lying in the water in front of the mill?

When the logs come to the mill, the mill-men tie strong ropes around them and drag them up those planks you see running down into the water.

Inside of the saw-mill there is a great saw, which spins around very swiftly and cuts the logs up into boards.

Guy and Freddy like to stay here, for it is not hot and dusty, as in the other mill. They like to lie in the cool saw-dust, and hear the hum of the saw, and smell the fresh scent of the new boards.

Write the names of all the things you see in the picture.

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LESSON XXXII.

(*o having the sound of û.*)

gōōse	flŏck	mouth	work (wûrk)
geese	lärġe	pounçe	worm (wûrm)
yoŭng	quăck	fōōl'-ish	world (wûrld)

THE FOOLISH YOUNG GEESE.

There was once a large flock of geese at the farm, and most of them were young. The young geese made a great noise; they would talk, talk, talk, all day long.

"What a fine world! what a fine place!" they said. "I'm a goose! I'm a goose! Here's a worm! here's a worm!"

"Where? where?" said the rest.

"Here! here! No, it's a stick! I'm a goose! I'm a goose!"

That was the way the geese went on all day, and all of them at once.

"I wish you would be still!" said a wise old goose. "Do you not know that the fox lives in the wood? Why do you tell him that there are fat geese so near?"

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But no one would heed what the wise old goose said, and the noise went on all day; and if one woke in the night he would say, "I'm a goose! I'm a goose!"

So the fox heard them, and he stole through the trees. Pounce! Quack! A goose was in his mouth; and he ran off with her to his hole in the hill-side, and ate her up.

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"There!" said the wise old goose; "I told you so!"

Copy the words at the head of this lesson.

LESSON XXXIII.

päth	lēaveş	slōw'-ly	brânch'-eş
ĕdġe	mū'-şie	nō'-tiçed	flŭt'-ter-ing

THE WOODS.

"The woods! What is there in the woods?" This is what little Emma said to herself one day, as she ran along the path that led to the woods.

She had asked her mother to tell her what was in the woods, and her mother had said, "You may go and see for yourself, my daughter."

So now she was going. She ran on until she came to the edge of the woods, and then she stopped. She looked about. Trees, trees —everywhere great tall trees! How *still* it was!

But, hush! She hears a noise. What is it? Such a strange, soft noise, like music.

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"It is up in the trees," said Emma, and she looked up.

She saw a great many green leaves hanging high up on the branches of the trees. All these green leaves were waving in the wind. How pretty they were! They looked as if they were trying to shake hands with each other.

While Emma was looking up, she noticed something falling from a tree near by. How slowly it came down! At first she thought it was a bird, and then she thought it was a butterfly.

Down, down, down, it came, now fluttering off toward another tree, now sailing back toward Emma. At last it fell at her feet. Then she saw that it was a pretty green leaf, with a spot of bright red upon it.

"Thank you, kind tree," she said, "for sending me this pretty leaf! I will take it to my mother."

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the dashes:

Emma heard a soft noise in the ——.
A pretty green —— fell down at her ——.
On the leaf was a —— of bright red.

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LESSON XXXIV.

ēi′-ther	erăck	un-tīed′	knew (nū)
fä′-ther	sāiled	prḝ′-ent	eûr′-tain (-tĭn)
thro̱ugh	sē′-eret	māk′-ing	bīrth′-dāy

A SECRET.

Miles had a secret. He would not tell any one what it was, for then it would not have been a secret.

I think his mother knew something about it, but she would not tell any one either.

Every day Miles would go to his little workshop in the shed, and lock the door and hang a curtain over the window.

He would stay there a long time, and would not let his sister Clara or his little brother Walter come in.

How they did wish they could find out what he was doing!

They tried to peep in at the key-hole, and through a crack in the shed; but Miles only laughed at them, for he knew they could not see anything at all.

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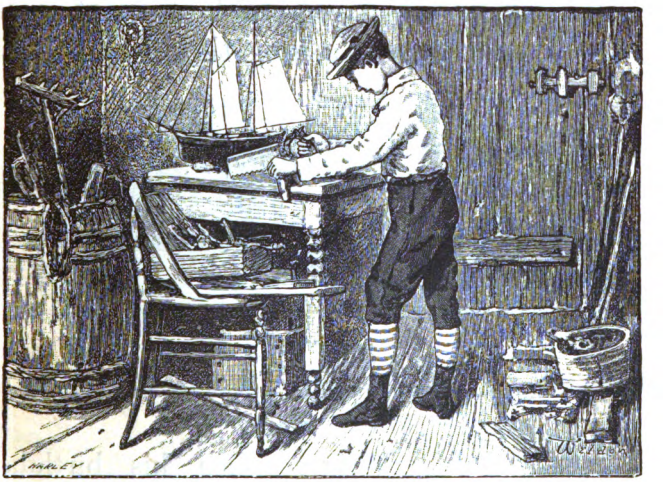
They could hear him at work, but could not guess what he was making.

By-and-by little Walter's birthday came. He was just six years old. His father and mother and his sister Clara each gave him a pretty present.



Then Miles asked them all to come down to the brook and see what he had for Walter. And what do you think it was?

It was a little wooden boat, painted so prettily in bright colors.

Its white sails were spread to catch the

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breeze; and, when Miles untied the string which held it fast, it sailed over the smooth water as lightly as a bird.

And now the secret was out. Miles had been making this boat for a birthday gift for his brother.

Walter had a great deal of sport with his boat, and kept it a long time.

Write answers to these questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

How old was Walter when his birthday came? What did Miles give him for a birthday present? What kind of a boat was it?

LESSON XXXV.

mȯn′-ey	ėoŭş′-in	ĕarned
wȯn′-dered	pŭz′-zled	worked

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EARNING MONEY.

Two little boys, Rollo and James, had two little wheel-barrows, and wheeled stones in them for one cent a load. The man they worked for was Rollo's father.

When Rollo's father counted up the loads, he found that he owed Rollo twenty-three cents and James only twenty-one cents. The reason Rollo had earned the more money was because James had stopped to rest, while Rollo went on wheeling.

James was sorry he had not got as many cents as Rollo; so Rollo said, "I will give you two of my cents, and then I shall have only twenty-one like you."

"Yes, but then I shall have more," said James. "If you give me two, *I* shall have twenty-three."

The boys were puzzled over this; but Rollo's mother said, "Rollo, suppose you give James *one* of your cents, then you will each have twenty-two cents." The boys wondered they had not thought of it before.

Copy the words at the head of this lesson.

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LESSON XXXVI.

ŭn′-ele	be-hīnd′	ōn′-ly	sĕlf′-ish
ĕld′-est	per-hăps′	bĕnch	with-out′
be-sīde′	hōld′-ing	măn′-ly	chĭl′-dren
mȧs′-ter	quȧr′-terş	ex-pĕct′	thĭnk′-ing

HARRY'S APPLE.

Do look at all these children! Let us count how many there are: One, two, three, four, five!—and a cat, and a dog, and a dolly.

Mary sits on the bench, with her basket on her lap and pussy beside her; Edith leans against her sister, with Dolly in her hand; Robert stands with one hand behind him; Charley sits on the ground; and Master Harry is up on the stump.

He is the one they are all looking at just now, for see what he is holding in his hand—a rosy-cheeked apple! Harry is saying that each child shall have a quarter of an apple. But there are five children, you see; and so it seems that one child must go without any apple.

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They are all thinking about it. Mary thinks to herself, "I am the eldest; perhaps I ought to go without my quarter."

Robert, who likes to be thought manly, feels that they will expect him to give up

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his share. Little Edith never means to be selfish, but the apple looks *very* good; so she thinks, "I *should* like to have *my* quarter!"

As to Charley, he has made up his mind that one quarter *must* come to him. And Harry?—he knows very well, little rogue that he is, that no one will have to give up a quarter; for just behind the stump is a basket with four more apples, which Uncle Edward has given him for the others. So he has only been making fun, after all.

Write three sentences about the picture in this lesson.

LESSON XXXVII.

trēat	wīṣ′-est	ēaṣ′-i-er	whạt-ĕv′-er
brōke	brāv′-est	sup-pōṣe′	plĕaṣ′-ant-er

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?

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And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?

And isn't it, my boy and girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

Copy the last two stanzas of this poem.

LESSON XXXVIII.

ẽarth	hȯn′-ey	flăpped	ăn′-i-malş
pẽrch	tûrned	ɘrōwed	a-wāk′-ened

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THE SUNBEAMS.

The sun was up. The sky in the east had told that he was on the way, for it had turned red and gold as he came near. And now he looked down on the earth, and there was a new day. And he sent out his beams to wake all things from sleep.

A beam came to the little birds in the trees, and they rose at once, flew about, and sang as loud as they could.

Then a beam came to the rabbit and waked her, and she gave her eyes a rub,

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and ran out of the wood into the green field, to eat the fresh grass.

A third beam came to the hen-house; and the cock flapped his wings and crowed, and all the hens flew down from their perch and ran out into the yard to get what they could to eat.

Now came a beam to the bee-hive; and the bee crept out of his bed, rubbed his wings with his legs, and flew off to the fields to drink the honey of the buds and bells and cups, which had just awakened as he had done.

The last beam came to the bed of a boy too fond of sleep, and wakened him, but he would not get up. He hid his face from it as he turned to the wall. So he went to sleep once more, though all the animals were up and at their work.

Copy these words, and divide them into their syllables:

rabbit	into	about
honey	little	rubbed
animals	looked	awakened

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LESSON XXXIX.

dāin′-ty	smīl′-ing	beaū′-ti-fụl
sŭm′-mer	sŭd′-den-ly	dăn′-de-lī-on

PATTY MALONE'S STAR.

Little Patty Malone lived in a great, noisy city, where the streets were narrow and dusty. She never had any green grass to play on, nor shady trees to sit under.

When she was not "tending the baby," she ran about in the dusty streets, for she was too young to go to school.

At night she would sit on the door-step and watch the people going past, and the stars coming out in the sky.

One day her father took her to walk in the park. Patty had never seen so beautiful a place. She was almost afraid to touch the grass, it looked so soft and clean.

As she was running along, suddenly she stopped, and raised her hands in great joy.

"O father," cried she, "look here! Here is a star come down to lie on the grass."

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Little reader, what do you think it was? Only a dandelion! Poor little girl, not even to know what a dandelion is!

Commit this poem to memory.

THE DANDELION.

Dainty little dandelion,
Smiling on the lawn,
Sleeping through the dewy night,
Waking with the dawn.

Fairy little dandelion,
In her misty shroud,
Passes from our sight away,
Like a summer cloud.

LESSON XL.

plēaşed	in-deed′	rŭn′-ning	nēi′-ther
drowned	măt′-ter	bärk′-ing	prŏmpt′-ly
wăg′-ging	stănd′-ing	dĭs′-tançe	ear′-ry-ing

JAMIE AND BRUNO.

Jamie and Bruno are a boy and a dog, that love each other very dearly; and well

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they may, for they have saved each other's lives. Would you not be very fond of a dog that had saved your life?

When Jamie was a very little boy, he was playing in his father's garden, quite safe, as every one thought. His nurse left him for two or three minutes, sitting with Bruno on the lawn. When she came back, both dog and child were gone.

You may be sure she was in a great fright; she called Jamie as loud as she could. Papa and mamma came running out to see what was the matter.

Then they heard Bruno barking at a distance. They ran quickly to the place from which the sound came.

And there lay Jamie, all wet and cold, on the grass; and Bruno, all wet too, was standing over him, wagging his tail for joy that he had saved him.

For he had, indeed, saved him.

When his nurse left him, the child had trotted off and found his way to the pond;

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and, as he stooped to pick a water-lily, he fell in. Bruno had jumped in promptly and drawn him out.

You may be sure Bruno was petted and made much of ever after.

Now, I will tell you how it came to pass

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that Jamie saved Bruno's life. But neither Bruno nor Jamie can remember anything about that, for Jamie was only a baby then, and Bruno was a little puppy.

As Jamie and his nurse were out walking one day, they met a man carrying three puppies to the river to drown them. Bruno was one of these.

They were all nice, bright puppies; but Bruno licked Jamie's little fat hand so softly, that the baby was quite pleased, and cried to have him.

Just then Jamie's father came by, and, seeing how much his little boy was taken with the puppy, he said he might have it for his own.

So, first Jamie saved Bruno from being drowned, and then Bruno saved Jamie from being drowned; and now, I think, you will not wonder that after this they became fast friends and playfellows.

Copy this story, and put words in place of the dashes:

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MY DOG.

My dog's name is ——.
He is a —— dog.
He has —— eyes and a —— tail.
He can —— and he can ——.

LESSON XLI.

breāk	heärts	be-găn′	pret′-ty (prĭt′-)
erīed	piēç-eş	lȯve′-ly	peeped
stāyed	pȧssed	chȧnçed	līn′-ing
glăd′-ly	rŏb′-berş	ōwn′-erş	work′-erş

THE STOLEN BASKET.

Two little workers once set to work to make a little basket. It was to be a basket for eggs.

They began their work very gladly. They went out to gather straws and twigs; these they brought home and twisted into the form of a basket.

After many days of hard work the basket was made. The little workers lined it with a soft lining, as smooth as silk.

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When it was done, this tiny basket was very pretty, and the two busy workers who had made it were as proud and happy as they could be.

Then the eggs were put into it, and lovely eggs they were. There were four of them, all deep blue, with spots of black upon them.

It chanced one day that two boys passed the house where these little workers lived, and as they peeped in they saw the basket. Then they went into the house and stole the basket. They took the eggs out, broke the basket into pieces, and threw it away.

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When the two little workers came home and found that their basket and their eggs were gone, they cried out as if their hearts would break.

Now, those boys who took the little workers' basket were robbers! And is it not wrong to rob? You say, "Oh, yes—it is very wrong!"

Then, was it not wrong, even though the owners of the little basket were only birds, and the house in which they kept it was only a bush?

Write answers to these questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

Who were the little workers?
How many were there?
What did they make?
What did they put into it?

LESSON XLII.

thĕm	a-lŏng′	wọund′-ed
rīght	sŏr′-ry	whêr-ĕv′-er
ẉrŏng	glăd′-ly	beaū′-ti-fụl
nēared	rē′-al-ly	chĭr′-rup-ing

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NELL AND HER BIRD

Good-by, little birdie!
Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
A merry good-by.

Tell all the birdies
Flying above,
Nell, in the garden,
Sends them her love.

Tell how I found you,
Hurt, in a tree;
Then, when they're wounded,
They'll come right to me.

I'd like to go with you,
If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful,
Up in the sky!

Why, little birdie—
Why don't you go?
You sit on my finger,
And shake your head, "No!"

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He's off! Oh, how quickly
And gladly he rose!
I know he will love me
Wherever he goes.

I know—for he really
Seemed trying to say,
"My dear little Nelly,
I can't go away."

But just then some birdies
Came flying along,
And sang, as they neared us,
A chirruping song;

And he felt just as I do
When girls come and shout
Right under the window,
"Come, Nelly—come out!"

It's wrong to be sorry;
I *ought* to be glad;
But he's the best birdie
That ever I had.

Copy the first three stanzas of this poem.

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LESSON XLIII.

pĕr′-sonş slōw′-ly cheer′-fụl-ly o-bey′ (o-bā′)
sup-pōşe′ fānt′-ly sŏr′-rōw-fụl whĕth′-er

THE WAY TO OBEY.

When Rollo was about five years old, his mother, one evening, took him up in her lap, and said,

"Well, Rollo, it is about time for you to go to bed."

"O mamma," said Rollo, "*must* I go now?"

"Rollo, suppose any mother should say to her boy, 'Come, my boy, it is time for you to go to bed,' and the boy should say, 'I won't go!' would that be right, or wrong?"

"Oh, very wrong!" said Rollo.

"Suppose he should begin to cry, and say he did not want to go?"

"That would be very wrong, too," said Rollo.

"Suppose he should begin to beg a lit-

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tle, and say, 'I don't want to go *now!* I should think you might let me sit up a little longer!' what should you think of that?"

"It would be wrong."

"Suppose he should look up into his mother's face sorrowfully, and say, '*Must* I go now, mother?'"

"Wrong," said Rollo, faintly.

"Suppose he should not say a word, but look cross, and throw away his playthings in a pet, and walk by the side of his mother slowly—what should you think of that?"

"I think it would be wrong."

"Suppose he should look pleasantly, and say, 'Well, mother!' and come pleasantly to take her hand, and bid the persons in the room good-night, and walk off cheerfully!"

"That would be right," said Rollo.

"Yes," said his mother; "and always, when a child is told to do anything, whether it is pleasant to do or not, he ought to obey at once, and cheerfully."

Write three sentences about Rollo.

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LESSON XLIV.

toŭch	pul′-ley	răv′-eled	bŏt′-tom
friĕnd	lăd′-der	buīld′-ing	stâir′-wāy
tow′-er	sī′-lenç̣e	chĭm′-ney	līght′-house

THE TALL CHIMNEY.

Do you see this tall, round tower, that stands on the hill? It looks like a light-house, but it is not.

It is only a chimney. You see it has no lamp on the top, as the light-house has, nor any door at the bottom; and there is no stairway inside.

The men have finished building it, and have just come down from the top—*all but one man.*

How did they get down?

At the top of the chimney is a large pulley, and over this the men hung a rope, so long that both ends of it could touch the ground at the same time.

Each man, when his turn came, put his feet into a loop at one end of the rope, and

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so came safely down. But one careless man pulled the rope too far through the pulley, and it fell to the ground.

See! There is one man left on the top. How can he get down? There is no ladder that will reach so high, and he has no rope.

The men below stand in silence, looking up at their lonely friend on the top.

I will tell you how this man got down.

His wife was there, and, with all her strength, she called, "John, ravel your stocking! Begin at the toe!"

John knew what she meant; so he drew off his stocking, cut the toe, and began to ravel out the yarn.

When he thought he had enough yarn raveled, he tied a piece of brick to it and let it down to the ground.

While John was raveling the stocking his wife had brought a ball of twine. She tied the twine to the end of the yarn, and the men shouted to John, "Pull it up!"

John pulled and pulled, and at last the people below heard him say, "I have it!"

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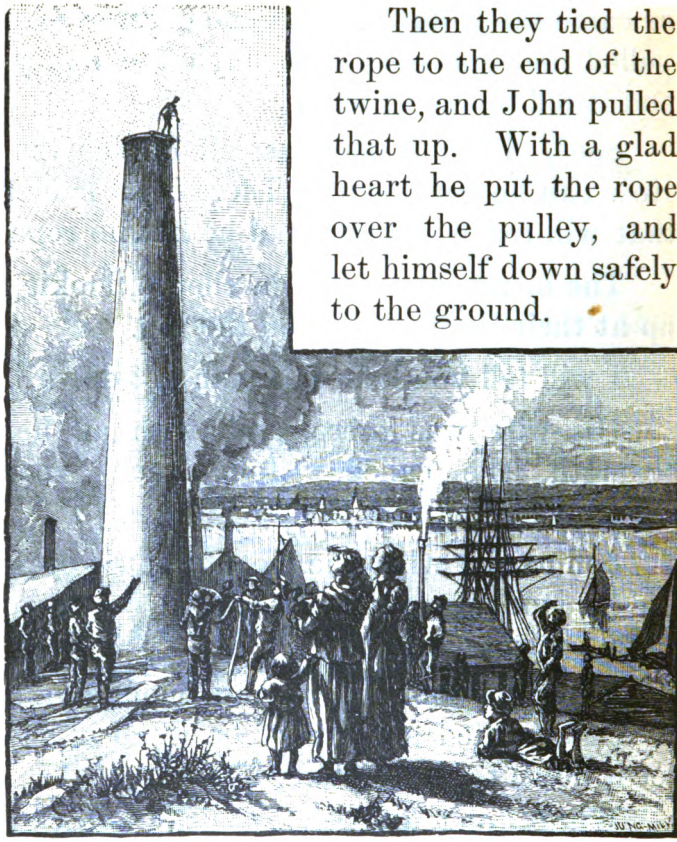

Then they tied the rope to the end of the twine, and John pulled that up. With a glad heart he put the rope over the pulley, and let himself down safely to the ground.

Copy these sentences:

John's wife had great presence of mind.
I think she knit his stocking.
Why did she not tie the rope to the yarn?

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LESSON XLV.

gŏne	môrn	slȳ′-ly	heärth
wẽre	be-sīde′	quī′-et	with-ĭn′

"IF YOU PLEASE."

All dressed in gray, a little mouse
Has made his home within my house;
And every night and every morn
I say, "I wish that mouse were gone!"

But why? A quiet soul is he
As any one need wish to see.
My house is large, my hearth is wide,
With room for him and me beside.

Ah, yes! But when the lights are out,
He likes to slyly peep about,

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And help himself to what he sees,
Without once saying, "If you please."

Copy this poem.

LESSON XLVI.

thŭn′-der	hēre	här′-bor	stôrm
līght′-ning	breāk	o͝ov′-ered	strēak

THE STORM AT SEA.

See! Here is a ship in a storm. How black the sky is! It is covered with clouds. Do you see that streak of light in the black sky?

It is the lightning. It flashes out of the clouds; behind them the loud thunder is rolling and rolling.

How the wind blows! It is a very strong wind, and it blows the sea and makes it rough. Look at the waves—how high they are!

The great waves break over the ship and toss it about. It is a large ship, but it rocks in the storm like a toy-ship.

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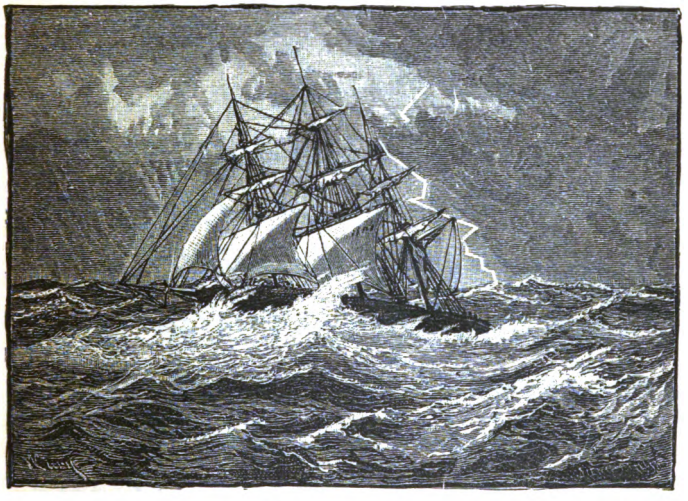
A little boy's mother is in this ship, and she is afraid the ship will sink into the sea.

But the captain is a brave man, and the ship is strong and new. I think it will ride through the storm.



The winds will stop, the waves go down, and the black clouds roll away; then the good ship will come safely into the harbor.

Copy these lines, and put words in place of the dashes:

The —— have stopped, the —— are still.

Sail on, good ——! sail on, and bring my mother —— to me!

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LESSON XLVII.

A LETTER FROM LUCY.

Riverside, Ohio
June 20th, 1878.

My dear Amy,

Do you remember the old tree that we used to climb last summer?

Two owls have built a nest in it, and they have little ones. Last week one of the little owls got out of the nest, and lost his way. Tom found him and brought him home, and put him in the hen-coop in the yard. The next day what do you think we found

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at the door of the coop?
A big fat mouse just killed!
The next day two dead birds were lying by the coop.
The old owls have found out where the little owl is, and they come at night to bring him food.
I think we shall keep him until he gets tame. I have never seen a pet owl, have you?
Don't forget to write to me about your birth-day.

Your loving cousin,
Lucy.

Write a letter to one of your friends, or to your teacher.

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LESSON XLVIII.

fāç′-eş	fleet	blăn̤k′-et	sle̤igh (slā)
mĕr′-ry	sha̤wl	chĭl′-dren	läugh (läf)

JINGLE! JINGLE!

Jingle! jingle! Up and down
Sleighs are flying through the town.
Jingle! jingle! Don't you hear
Merry sleigh-bells far and near!

Get a sleigh that's large and wide;
Let the children have a ride—
Henry, Ellen, Tom and Ann,
George and Jane, and little Fan.

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Yes, there's room enough for all;
Bring another blanket-shawl;
Tuck them in. Away we go—
Jingle! jingle!—through the snow.

Jingle! jingle! Now we meet
Faces gay and horses fleet;
And we laugh, and shout, and sing,
While the merry sleigh-bells ring!

Write a sentence having in it the word snow, *and another sentence having in it the word* sleigh.

LESSON XLIX.

bĕr′-rieş	hûrlş	swaḷ′-lōwş
sweet′-ly	ĕmp′-ty	for-gŏt′-ten
coŭn′-try	frōz′-en	yĕs′-ter-daў
pŭz′-zled	ĭn′-seets	moṿe′-ment

WHERE THE BIRDS ARE.

One cold winter day a little boy's mother said to him, "Where are the birds, Willie?" Willie looked up and down the lonely road, and into the naked trees, but he could not see any birds. For a moment he was

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puzzled; then he said, "They are all in their nests, mamma."

His mother showed him that the nest in the tree near the window was empty. She told him that all the other nests were empty too. Willie looked sad, and said, "Are the birds all dead, mamma?"

"No, Willie, they are not dead. Do you not remember that yesterday you saw a snow-bird? But the other birds have gone far away south, where it is as warm in the winter-time as it is here in the summer.

"If they had stayed here all winter, they would have died. They would have frozen to death as they slept in the trees, or else they would have starved to death."

"Why would they have starved to death, mamma?" said Willie.

"Because they feed upon berries, insects, and seeds, which they could not find here in winter."

"Will they find such food in the country to which they have gone, mamma?"

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"Yes, Willie. Here the cold wind hurls the snow against our windows, and the sky is very dark; but there the sun is shining bright and warm.

"The ground is covered with green grass, the flowers are in blossom, and there are berries on the bushes, and seeds on the grains and grasses.

"Little flies sail about in the sunshine; bugs and worms crawl around on the ground.

"Oh, yes, the dear little birds have plenty to eat there. And they fly up into the green trees, and sing sweet songs to the people who live there.

"But they have not forgotten us. They will come back next summer, and sing for us as sweetly as ever. In April you may begin to watch for the birds to come back."

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the dashes:

The birds will come back to us in the ——.

In —— we will begin to watch for the birds to come. Birds feed upon ——, ——, and ——.

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LESSON L.

ēlēar	smīled	rōv′-ing
ērīed	brīght′-ly	mĕr′-ri-ly
a-frāid′	ē′-ven-ing	ăn̲x′-ioŭs (ăn̲k′-shus)

THE CHILDREN AND THE MOON.

The sun had set, and it was getting dark, and the children in the field were still thinking only of their play.

But when it grew darker and darker they were afraid, and cried, for they did not know the way home.

All at once a light shone through the trees. At first they thought it was a fire; but it rose high in the air, and they saw it was the moon.

And, when the Moon saw the children, she said, "Good evening, my children! Why are you out so late?"

The children were afraid at first, but, when they saw that the Moon smiled kindly at them, they took heart, and said,

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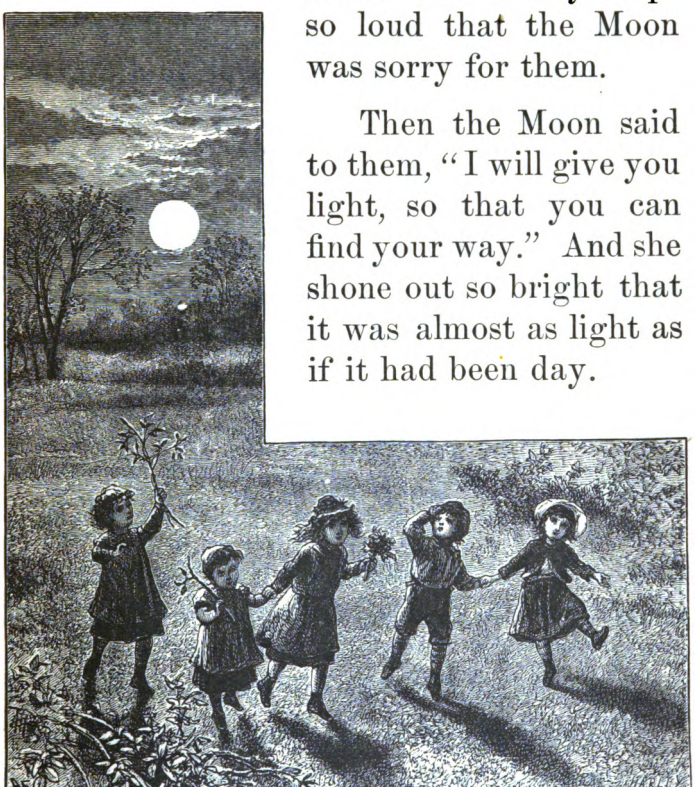
"Ah, we have stayed too late, and we can not find the way home, because it is so dark." And they wept so loud that the Moon was sorry for them.

Then the Moon said to them, "I will give you light, so that you can find your way." And she shone out so bright that it was almost as light as if it had been day.



Then the children were glad, and ran merrily home, singing and dancing all the way.

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At the door they turned, and said, "Dear Moon, we thank you for having lighted us so well!"

And the Moon said, "I am glad you are safe home. Run, now, to your mother, for she is anxious about you."

Copy these lines:

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All who love me."

LESSON LI.

ēat′-er	deep′-est	mēan′-ing
mĭll′-er	hīgh′-est	an-o̊th′-er
plāy′-er	wēak′-est	sȯme′-tīmeş
hŭnt′-er	strŏng′-est	ĭnn′-keep-er

MAKING WORDS.

When we add *er* to the end of a word, it sometimes makes it mean one who does the action or the work.

Thus, a man who goes into the woods to hunt wild animals is called a "hunter."

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A miller is a man who works in a mill, and a farmer is a man who works on his farm with his men and horses.

A man who keeps anything is a keeper. If he keeps a shop, he is a shop-keeper; and if he keeps an inn, he is an inn-keeper.

When I sleep, I am a sleeper; and when I eat, I am an eater. When I walk, I am a walker; and when I read, I am a reader.

Father and mother say that I am a player more than a worker.

But when we add *er* to other words, it has quite another meaning. When we add *er* to *deep*, the word we make is *deeper;* and *deeper* means *more deep.*

In the pretty brook that runs by our door, the parts where it runs fast are not very deep, but the still pools are deeper. The mill-pond is deeper than the pools of the brook, and the well is deeper than the mill-pond.

We say, "The pools are deep, the mill-pond is deeper, but the well is the deepest of them all." The word *deepest* is made by adding *est* to the word *deep.*

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Ann is smaller than I am, and my little brother is smaller still; so he is the smallest. I am taller than Ann is, Ned is taller than I am, mother is taller than Ned, and father is taller than mother; he is the tallest of us all.

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the figures and dashes:

When I work, I am a ——.

When I climb, I am a ——.

I am 10 years old, and Ann is only 4 years old; so I am —— years —— than Ann.

LESSON LII.

lĕft	buĭld	ēaş′-i-ly	flōw′-ing
frȯnt	quīte	shĕl′-ter	be-tween′
rīght	lĕdġe	hĭd′-den	wĕath′-er
heärt	splăsh	be-hīnd′	hȯv′-ered

THE NEST UNDER THE WATER-FALL.

In a lonely place, among the hills of New York, is a pretty water-fall. In dry weather there is only a little water there, which creeps gently among the rocks and stones, and keeps the moss green.

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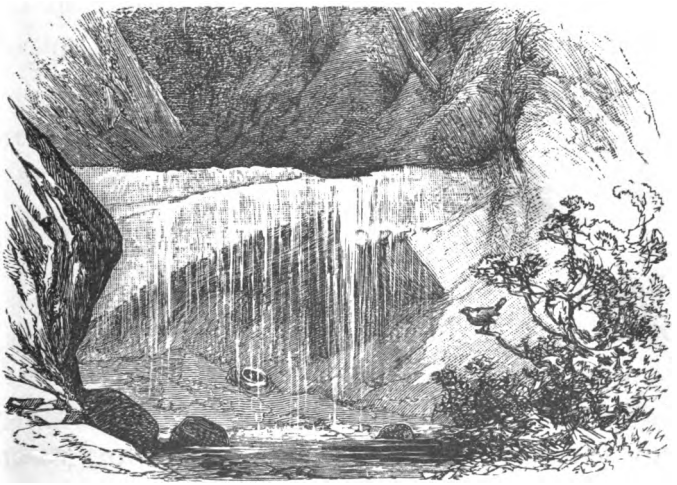
In rainy weather there is a great deal of water, and then it makes quite a noise, and comes with a dash and a splash over the rocks. One fine day in spring, a little bird began to build her nest on a ledge of stone under this water-fall.

The bird thought she had chosen a very safe place under the shelter of that rock. To be sure, a little water did flow over it, and fall to the right and to the left, but that did her no harm.

She could go in and out very easily. So she made the nest ready for her eggs.



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But the weather changed. It began to rain very hard. The water rose rapidly, and poured over the stones and rocks. When the little bird came home, she could not see her nest; it was quite hidden.

The water was flowing over every part of the rock, and made a wall between her and her nest. To be sure, it was safe and dry behind the water, but how was she to get there? Poor little bird! how her heart beat!

She flew to the right, she flew to the left, she came back in front of the nest; she hovered there a minute, then darted through the falling water to her dear little home behind it.

Write five sentences about a bird.

LESSON LIII.

slĭpped	pēach	dŏc′-torş
mŏn′-ey	băt′-tle	shāk′-ing
ôr′-phan	Bī′-bleş	găth′-ered
hŭn̆′-gry	a-mūşe′	åft′-er-nōōn
cow′-ard	Chī-nēşe′	ī′-ron-ing (ī′-ûrn-)

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HOW SILVER-HAIR TRIED TO BE GREAT.

"I wish I were a great man," said little Silver-Hair, shaking the flaxen locks off his face, "because then I'd do ever so many things to make people happy!"

"What would you do if you were a great man, my son?" asked his mother.

"Why, I'd help the good people, and whip the bad people, and give money to the poor people, and send doctors to the sick people, and take care of the orphan people, and feed the hungry people, and send Bibles to the Chinese people, and—and—get my name put down in a book."

"Well," said his mother, laughing, "those are many things even for a great man to do. But did you ever think how great men come to be great men?"

"No, mamma."

"Do you think your little apple-tree, which is only as high as your knee, will ever grow to be a peach-tree?"

"No, mamma."

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"What kind of a tree was the elm-tree in the front-yard, when it was little?"

"An elm-tree, I guess."

"And now, what kind of a boy do you think will grow to be a great man?"

"A great boy, I guess."

"Suppose, then, my little Silver-Hair tries to be a great boy."

"How?"

"By doing everything he can to make everybody happy."

"Tell me something to do, mamma."

"Well, there is Sarah, who is busy ironing. You might fill the wood-box for her."

Silver-Hair went to work and piled up the wood till the box was full. Then he pulled up the weeds in the back-yard, to please his papa when he came home.

But now he was so tired that he asked his mother if she did not think he had done enough great things for one afternoon. His mother kissed him, and told him that he might rest now, and play.

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The next day he did not find it easy to be great, for little sister Maggie was cross. It was hard work to amuse her, when he wanted to play out under the trees. He had a mind to give up trying to be great.

He slipped away from her, put on his hat, and ran out into the grass. There he felt like a coward who had run away from a battle.

So he gathered a handful of flowers and took them in to the little girl, and showed her how to stand them up against the wall and play that she had a garden.

Then he took her on his back and played that he was a horse, until she laughed so loud that mamma came to enjoy the fun.

Write five sentences about Silver-Hair.

LESSON LIV.

ȼătch	seâred	twĕn′-ty	ăn′-swered (-sērd)
lĭ′-onȿ	sĭn̤′-gle	piȼt′-ūre	wȯn′-dered
tī′-ḡer	ăȼt′-ĭve	splĕn′-did	e̤ight′-een (ā′-tcen)

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LIONS AND TIGERS.

"Two lions and a tiger!" said Louis, holding up a picture. "Aren't they splendid-looking fellows? I wonder if they're going to fight?"

"The tiger would get the worst of it, I'm afraid," answered the boy's father, as he looked at the picture. "Two lions to one tiger are more than a match.

"They are splendid-looking fellows, that's a fact! How grandly the artist has drawn them!"

"Don't you think, papa, that the tiger is a little scared?"

"I shouldn't wonder, for the two great lions look as if they were going to eat him up. But it isn't likely they'd find that a very easy thing to do; for a tiger is about as strong as a lion, and more active. He'd make a hard fight for his life, even with two against him."

"I think he wants to get off," said Louis. "You see that his head is set away from

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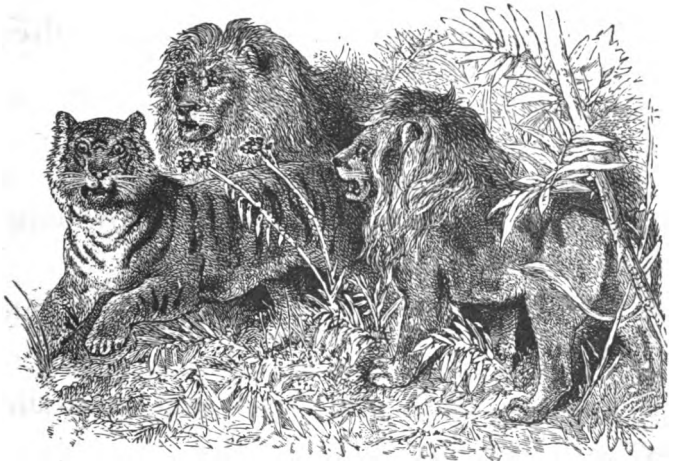
the lions; but they could catch him, I guess."



"In a race, the tiger would beat them. At a single bound he could go eighteen or twenty feet."

"Then he'd better be off," said Louis.

"So I think! Running will be better for him than fighting. Two lions to one tiger are too many."

Copy this sentence:

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; it can not tell how much it suffers.

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LESSON LV.

trụe	gāy′-ly	yĕl′-lō̇w	to-gĕth′-er
tū′-lip	dȧnçed	kīnd′-ly	bŭt′-ter-flīes

THE THREE BUTTERFLIES.

Once there were three Butterflies, a white one, a red one, and a yellow one, playing in the sunshine.

Soon the rain fell and made them wet, and they hastened to fly home.

But the house-door was shut, and the key was nowhere to be found.

So they went to the Tulip, all gayly striped in red and yellow, and said, "Tulip, open your flower a little—will you, kindly? —that we may slip in out of the rain."

The Tulip said, "I will open to the red Butterfly, and to the yellow one—they may come in; but I won't let in the white one."

Then the red and the yellow Butterflies said, "If you won't let in our white brother, we won't come in either, thank you."

Now it rained harder and harder, and

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they flew away to the Lily. "Good Lily," said they, "will you kindly open your flower a little, and let us slip in out of the rain?"

Then the Lily said, "I shall be glad to let in the white one, for he looks like myself; but I won't let in the other two."

Then the white Butterfly said, "If my two brothers can not come in, I will not come either, thank you."

And so they all flew away together. Now, the sun behind the clouds had heard how the Butterflies were true to each other, and he shone out again, bright and clear, and dried the wings of the three Butterflies.

They danced once more over the flowers, and played till it was night, and then went home. And there was the door wide open! The last sunbeam had opened it for them. In they flew, and went to bed.

Write answers to these questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

What was the color of the lily? Which butterfly would it let in? What were the colors of the tulip? Which butterflies would it let in?

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LESSON LVI.

pȧssed	a-e-eôrd′	smą̄ll′-est
mĭssed	wrĭt′-ten	blăck′-bōard
e-rĕd′-it	tēach′-er	ŭn-der-stŏŏd′
spĕll′-er	e-oŭn′-try	dĭf″-fer-ent-ly

THE HONEST SPELLER.

In a country-school a large class was standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. The teacher put the word to the pupil at the head, and he missed it.

She passed it to the next, and the next, and so down the whole class, till it came to the last pupil, the smallest child in the class, and he spelled it right—at least so the teacher understood—and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself.

The teacher then turned and wrote the word on the black-board, so that they might all see how it was spelled.

But no sooner was it written than the little boy cried out, "Oh! I didn't spell it

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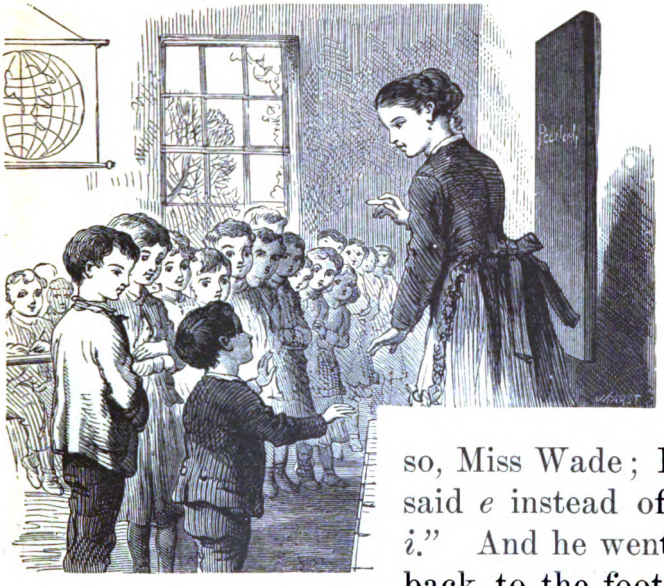

so, Miss Wade; I said *e* instead of *i*." And he went back to the foot, of his own accord, more quickly than he had gone to the head.

Here was an honest boy. It would always have been thought that he had spelled the word correctly, if he had not told the truth. He was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

Write a sentence having in it the words wrote *and* black-board. *Write three sentences about this picture. Write a sentence having in it your teacher's name.*

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LESSON LVII.

pär′-lor	whĭpped	dĕath
ạl′-mōst	spoil′-ing	thôrnṣ
pēo′-ple	tŭm′-bling	seâred
ạl′-wāyṣ	rōṣe′-bụsh	sụre (shụr)
bŭzz′-ing	them-sĕlveṣ′	mĭn′-ute (-ĭt)

CARLO'S TRIAL.

"Bow-wow!" said Carlo. "Dear me! who would have thought that rose-bush would tumble?

"I was just trying to get a fly that

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was buzzing in the window, and I gave a jump, and down came that thing tumbling about my ears, and scared me almost to death!

"Why do people want rose-bushes? Ugly things! always tumbling and spoiling themselves! Full of thorns, too; there is one in my foot this minute, that feels as big as a post!

"Bow-wow-wow! I'm *sure* I don't know what to do. There will be trouble, I know there will; for Miss Helen is very fond of roses.

"If they find out I did it, I shall be whipped, and they won't let me come into the parlor again for a year; and this is the only window where I can watch for Master Harry when he comes from town.

"Oh, bow-wow-wow! This world is full of trouble, and I don't know what to do. If I should leave the rose-bush here and go off to the pond and stay a long while, they might think it was the wind that broke it; and the wind wouldn't mind, I'm sure."

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Copy these lines:

Bow-wow-wow! I'm sure I don't know what to do! There will be trouble, I know there will!

Why do people want rose-bushes? Ugly things! always tumbling and spoiling themselves!

LESSON LVIII.

ẹlēared	sōwn	flāilş	rĕd′-dish
bēat′-ẹn	stạlk	grāin	ma-çhĭne′
shēaveş	wāveş	stăcks	sŭm′-mer

WHEAT.

Wheat grows from seed which is sown in the ground. When it first comes up it looks like grass; but after a time a strong stalk rises above the green leaves, and out of the end of this grows a head of wheat.

The head at first is soft and green, but, when the summer heat has made it ripe, it is hard and full, and has a golden color.

When the wind blows over a field of ripe wheat, the tall grain bends in long waves,

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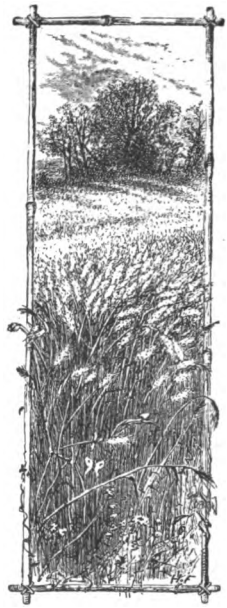

and the whole field looks like golden water.

When quite ripe, the wheat is cut down and tied in bundles, called "sheaves," and left to dry. Then it is put into a barn, or into stacks, to keep it safe.

It is next beaten with flails, or run through a machine, until all the grains of wheat are beaten out of the heads.

The stalk is straw, and the shell which was around the grain is chaff.

After the grain is threshed, that is, beaten out of the heads and cleared of the chaff, it is sent to the mills and ground into flour.

Write answers to these questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

What does wheat look like when it first comes up? What color is it when it is ripe?

What is done to the wheat after it gets ripe?

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LESSON LIX.

ROLLO'S LETTER.

Friday Evening.

My dear Father,

Jonas and I have been down to the woods to-day hauling up wood on the new sled.

I helped Jonas load.

Jonas is going to work there to-morrow, and I want to go with him.

But my feet get very cold while I stay down there. We could build

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a fire but it melts the snow and makes a wet place on the ground.

Jonas says that if I had a certain large flat stone that is lying in the pasture up the brook for a hearth, and two other stones on each side for andirons, I should get along much better, for I could have a log for a seat, and then put my feet upon the warm and dry hearth to warm them.

I asked him to go and

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get it for me, but he says he cannot without your leave.

I have written this letter to ask if you are willing that we should take the horse and the sled and go up to-morrow and haul it down. I am,

Your affectionate son,

Rollo.

P. S.

Jonas thinks it will not take more than half an hour.

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ROLLO'S FATHER'S LETTER.

At Home.

Saturday Morning.

My dear Boy.

Yours of last evening was duly received. Jonas may get the stone for you.

I think it a very good plan to make a fire-place of it. It will be a good place to roast apples as well as to warm feet.

Affectionately, your Father

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LESSON LX.

thee	creep	ĕar′-nest
vĕr′-y	brŏŏk	tĭn̲k′-ling
fâir′-y	fŭn′-ny	rāin′-drŏp
erā′-zy	mŏss′-y	prayer (prâr)

A WISH.

"Be my fairy, mother;
Grant me a wish to-day—
Something, as well in the sunshine
As when the rain-drops play."

"And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?"

"I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone;

"To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep;
With soft steps, and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep.

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"Make it run down the hill, mother,
With leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I can never catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

"Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With a noise like a baby's funny laugh—
That's the brook for me!"

Write in your own words a little story about a wish which you would like to have a fairy grant you.

LESSON LXI.

sĭpped	un-eoil′	erĭm′-ṣon	bŭt′-ter-flў
sĕt′-tle	thrọugh	un-elōṣed′	pow′-dered
ā′-prọn	tŭm′-bler	dĕl′-i-eate	ĕl′-e-phants
jūiç′-eṣ	es-eāped′	quĭv′-ered	Frĕd′-er-ick

THE BUTTERFLY-CHASE.

"It shall not escape!" cries Frederick; "I will have that butterfly!"

"But, take care! take care!" says little Emily. "Look at its beautiful wings; your

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hard cap will hurt them. Let me catch it in my apron."

"You can never manage to get your apron over it," says Frederick. "Come, run on through the grass. If it flies over the hedge, it will escape."

"Stop! stop! it is going to settle on that pink," whispers Emily. "Do wait a minute! I can manage to catch it gently."

So Frederick stopped. The beautiful butterfly had settled on a white pink that grew near the hedge. Emily had to hold

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Frederick's cap with all her might, or it would have been down over the flower in a moment. She wanted to see what the butterfly was doing.

It sipped the sweet juices out of the flower with its long trunk; for a butterfly has a trunk very like the elephant's trunk, which it can uncoil and dip down into the flower-cups.

All the time, its four bright wings quivered in the sun, and they shone as if they were powdered with gold; they were black and blue and crimson. The butterfly seemed to enjoy the sunlight and its delicate dinner.

"It will fly away in a minute," said Frederick.

So Emily softly put one hand over the flower, and with the other quickly broke its stem, and then inclosed both flower and butterfly in both hands.

"Now, let us run into the house," she said, "and show it to mamma."

Mamma brought a tumbler, and Emily

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put the butterfly under it. She called it her beautiful prisoner. When all had had a good look at it, she opened its prison, and it flew to the window and perched a moment on the window-sill.

No doubt it was glad to be free again, but it did not sing or chirp, as a bird would have done. It only fluttered its beautiful wings, and sailed silently away into the sunshine.

Write a story about a butterfly.

LESSON LXII.

sniffed pĕr′-fūme wĕap′-ons

PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me, quick, where your noses are."

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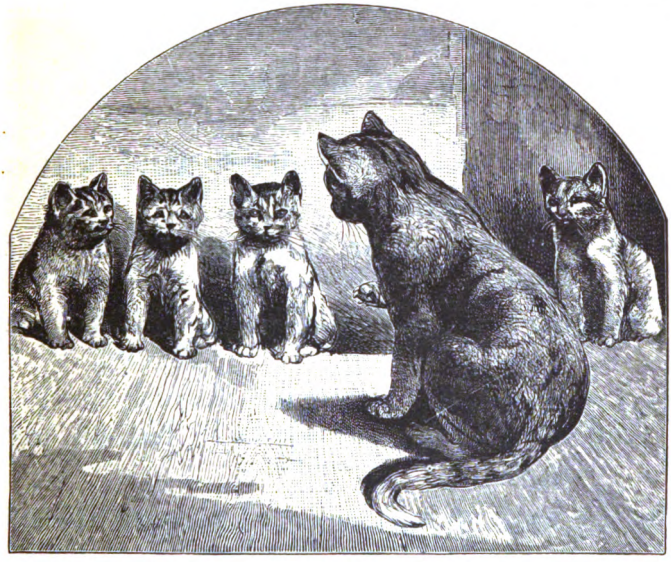
At this all the kittens sniffed the air,
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.



"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then came the answer clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens meow'd!
"Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or a bit of bone.

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Now what do you say when children are
good?"
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are
bad—
When they tease and pull?" Each kitten
looked sad.
"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't
enough;
You must use your claws when children are
rough!

"And where are your claws? No, no, my
dear—
(As she took up a paw)—see! they're hidden
here!"
Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they never should
need
To use such weapons—oh no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's
"pshaw!"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

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"Now, sptiss! as hard as you can!" she said;
But every kitten hung down its head.
"*Sptiss!* I say," cried the mother-cat.
But they said, "O mamma, we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma.
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah, well, I was once the same, I suppose";
And she looked very wise, and rubbed her nose.

Write a word that rhymes with cat;—*with* head;—*with* dear;—*with* nose.

Write a sentence having in it the word kittens;—*the word* mamma.

LESSON LXIII.

bäth	wāved	plēaşed	in-stĕad′
tīred	bē′-ing	frĕt′-fụl	pĭt′-i-fụl
shiēld	gȧsped	pee′-vish	hâre′-bell
mŏss′-y	dāin′-ty	grāte′-fụl	mûr′-mûred

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THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

PART I.

A little Harebell once lived in the shade of a large mossy rock. The Sun and Wind and Rain were all very kind to her, but she was peevish and fretful, and never pleased with anything they did.

One day she hung her blue head and murmured, "I am so tired, I wish I were dead!" The soft, gentle Wind heard what she said, and felt so pitiful that he waved her about to make her cool.

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But the dainty Bell, instead of being grateful, called out, "Go away, Wind; you are so rough! I do not like you." And the Wind was sorry, and went away.

Soon the little Bell grew tired and faint, and the great Sun felt so kindly toward her, that he drew a thick cloud over his face to shield her from his hot rays.

But as soon as she saw the cloud she cried out, "Go away, Cloud; why are you so rude?" The Cloud went away; and the Sun's rays beat down upon the Harebell's head so hot, that she gasped, "Water! water!"

Then the Dew came down to cool her with its little drops; but she cried, "I did not want a bath!"

What word in the lesson means the opposite of small? —*of* unkind?—*of* hard?—*of* warm?—*of* up?—*of* cold? —*of* big?

Copy these words, and write under each one the word that means the opposite of it—this way:

small
large

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LESSON LXIV.

blūe	kĭssed	toŭched	môrn′-ing
blew	pȧssed	drōōped	e͡om′-fort
ẽar′-ly	fāint′-ly	plŭcked	shĭv′-ered
dȳ′-ing	fād′-ing	wēak′-er	sŭn′-bēam

THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

PART II.

Thus the night passed. Early the next morning a boy going by the Harebell's home saw her among the moss, and plucked her. After a little time he grew tired of her and threw her away.

The Harebell shivered as she touched the ground, and cried, "Oh! oh! I am so faint! Come, dear Wind, blow upon me." The Wind, glad to help her, blew softly upon her, and kissed her pale cheek; but it was too late.

"Sun," she said, "dear Sun, I am very cold!" The Sun sent a sunbeam to comfort her; but still she drooped her head.

"O Rain, I am dying! All the blue is fading out of me. Come—please come!" The

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Rain came down as fast as he could; but she was so weak, he could do her no good.

She grew weaker and weaker. At last she said, faintly, "Thank you all." Then she died.

Write a sentence having in it the word blue;—*the word* blew;—*the word* sun;—*the word* son;—*the word* weak;—*the word* week.

LESSON LXV.

be-mōan′	de-lūd′-ed	hăp′-pi-ness
mĭs′-tress	fā′-vor-ĭte	dĭs-e͡ov′-er-y
joûr′-ney	stâir′-e͡ase	băl′-us-trāde
fâre-wĕll′	in-e͡rēased′	dĭs-e͡ov′-ered

MUFF AND HER PUPPIES.

Muff ought to be a happy dog, and I think she was so until last week. Muff has a kind mistress, who washes, and brushes, and combs her, pets and fondles her, and lets her sleep in a basket in the dressing-room.

About a month ago, Muff's happiness was increased by having two dear little puppies. Never, she thought, had mother

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greater cause to be proud. The puppies were named Tippy and Cuffy. Tippy was the favorite child of his mother.

One morning Muff left her children together in the basket in her mistress's dressing-room, while she went down-stairs to see the young people of the family start off to a picnic.

As she came back into the hall, she heard a whining on the staircase above her. "Dear, dear!" said she to herself, "this must be one of my children who has followed me, although I told them not to come."

Raising her eyes, she saw Cuffy standing on the landing and looking down upon her through the bars of the balustrade. "Naughty child," cried Muff, in dog-language, "go back to your basket! My Tippy is always good; he stays in his proper place."

Thus spoke the fond and deluded mother. Alas! her Tippy was lying but a few feet from her, quite dead. He had been the first to leave the basket, and go on a journey of discovery after his mother. Cuffy had but

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followed his bad example, and was crying at seeing his brother fall through the balustrade.

Poor Muff's cries were so loud, when she found out the truth, that the servants soon gathered around her to console her. At last she went to take care of Cuffy, and bemoan herself in her basket with her one child that was left.

The next day, when all the family were at home, poor Tippy was buried. Johnny, the eldest boy, dug the grave. Muff was chief mourner, and Cuffy was carried in the arms of little Lily to see Tippy buried.

Elly and little Horace were there, with very sad faces, and the black pussy came too.

Mamma, even, was present, and felt quite sad at seeing poor Muff leaning over the grave, and looking a last fond farewell at her little dead puppy.

Write a sentence having in it a word that means the opposite of kind;—*of* happy;—*of* fasten;—*of* tied.

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LESSON LXVI.

thōugh	re-plīed′	măn′-ner
păr′-rot	făm′-i-ly	re-pēat′-ed
o′-clŏck′	tạlk′-ing	de-līght′-fụl
coŭş′-in	quĭck′-ly	cŭn′-ning-ly

THE PARROT.

"Do tell us, Cousin Sophy, about your parrot," said Lotty. "Does she know you?"

"Know me? of course she does!" said Sophy. "If she hears my step ever so far off, she cries out, 'Sophy O!' for that is what she calls me. She not only knows me, but knows all the family, and calls them all by their right names.

"She says, 'What o'clock is it?' and then, if I hand her my watch, she holds it in her claw and looks at the face of it in a most grave manner, and says, 'All right!' and hands it back to me."

"How strange it must seem to hear parrots talking together as they fly about in

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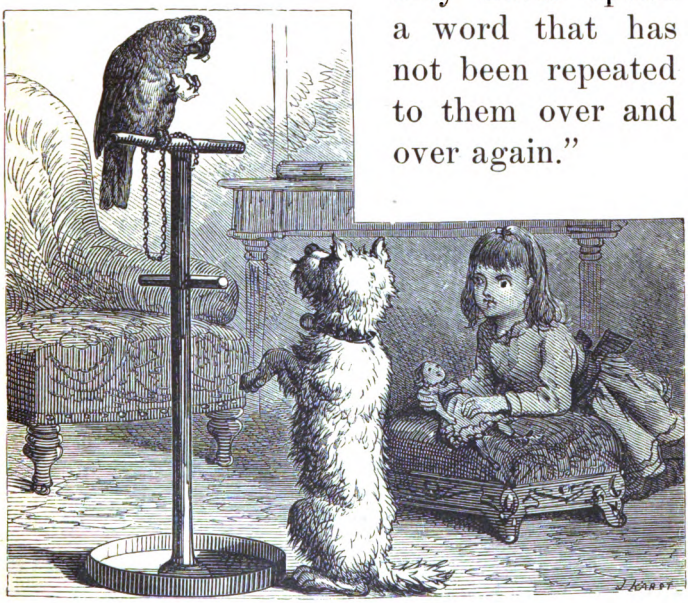
the woods!" said Lotty; "and if we heard them and did not see them, we might think they were men."

"Oh, no!" replied Lotty's mamma, "parrots do not talk in their wild state; they never speak a word that has not been repeated to them over and over again."



"Do you think your parrot would call me 'Lotty' if she knew me?" asked Lotty.

"I am sure she would. Sometimes my little dog Frisk will stand up on his hind

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legs before Mrs. Polly as she sits on her perch, and beg for her food. Polly will not give him anything, but she will look quite cunningly at him every now and then, and say, 'Frisk! Frisk!'"

"Well," said Lotty, "I think a parrot is a most delightful pet, and I do hope that some day I may have one of my own."

Copy the title and the first paragraph.

LESSON LXVII.

plāin	sniffed	eăm'-el	ēast'-ern
breeze	wēa'-ry	sāfe'-ly	ar-rīved'
sprĕad	cheered	dĕṣ'-ert	thăṇk'-fụl

TWO EASTERN TRAVELERS.

Here you see a camel and his master; they are traveling in the desert. They have traveled a long way, and now they have lain down to die.

You ask why? I will tell you. The desert is a great plain of dry sand. If you have ever seen the sand on the sea-shore,

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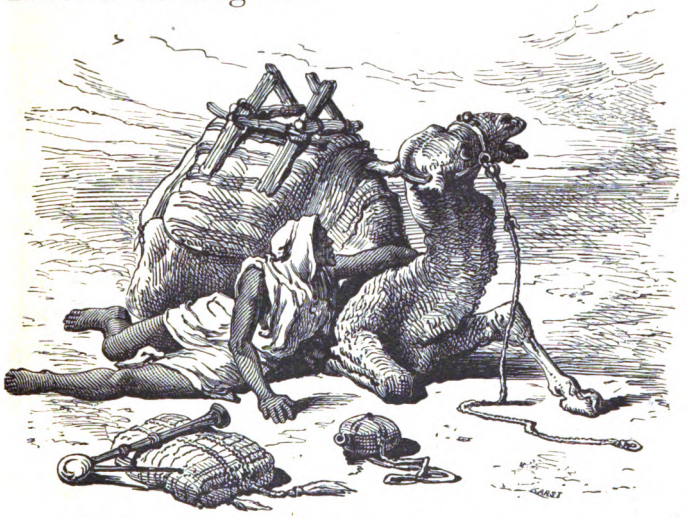
you know how dry and hot it becomes under a burning sun.

Now, the desert is a place covered with sand, and it is always dry and hot, for it is every day under a burning sun.



This camel and his master have traveled many miles over the desert. They are very tired, very hot, and very thirsty, and they can not find any water to drink.

They have been very tired, hot, and thirsty for many days, and so weary and

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weak are they that they can not walk—they can not even stand.

So these poor travelers fell down to die. But just then a breeze came, and the camel pricked up his ears, and sniffed with his nose. He said, as best he could, that he smelt something.

And what do you think that something was? It was rain. The camel could tell that it was going to rain.

Then the man cheered up, and spread out his tent-sheet to catch the drops when they should come.

Soon the sweet rain fell, and both master and camel got a little to drink. The air, too, was cooled by the rain, and the weary travelers were made strong again.

So they did not die; but, very thankful for the shower, they went on their journey.

Write answers to these questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

Who were the two travelers?
What did the man do to catch the rain-drops?
Why did the camel prick up his ears?

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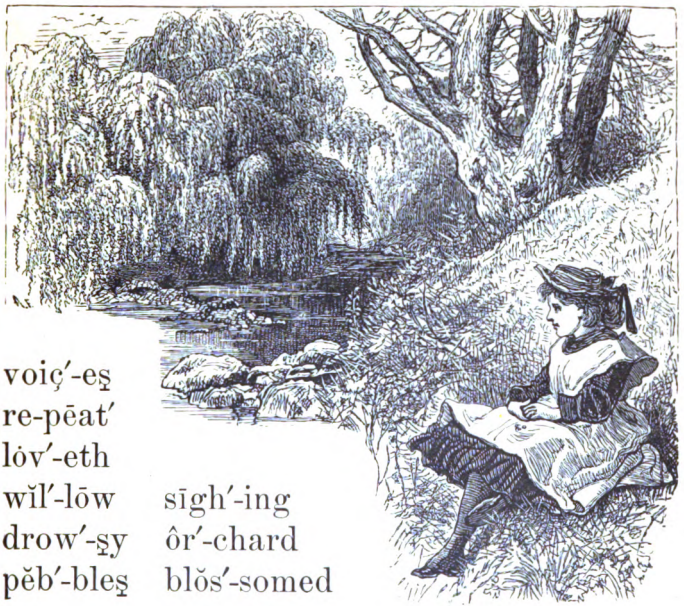
LESSON LXVIII.



voiç′-eṣ
re-pēat′
lȯv′-eth
wĭl′-lō̆w
drow′-ṣy
pĕb′-bleṣ
sīgh′-ing
ôr′-chard
blŏs′-somed

A SONG FOR LITTLE MAY.

Have you heard the waters singing,
Little May,
Where the willows green are bending
O'er their way?
Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

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Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one,
When the rosy dawn is breaking—
When 'tis done?
Have you heard the wooing breeze
In the blossomed orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees
In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
Little May—
Bird, and bee, and water singing
On its way.
Let their silver voices fall
On thy heart with happy call,
"Praise the Lord, who loveth all,
Night and day,"
Little May.

Commit this poem to memory.

LESSON LXIX.

rŭshed	stôrm′-y	pōur′-ing	därk′-ness
fŏr′-est	shīn′-ing	pāy′-ment	līght′-ning
lōne′-ly	rōar′-ing	stŭm′-bled	frīght′-ened
răt′-tled	bēat′-ing	dą̈ugh′-ter	sôme′-thing

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A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

Come here, my daughter, and sit on father's knee, and he will tell you a story.

Hark! how the rain is pouring on the roof and beating against the windows! Out-of-doors the night is black, and the wind is roaring through the trees.

On just such a night as this, daughter, father was lost high up on a lonely mountain. There were bears in the bushes and wolves in the deep woods; and I had lost my path and did not know which way to go.

The night came on, and with it came just such a storm as this.

The heavy rain beat on the ground; the strong wind rushed through the forest; it broke off many a tall, stiff tree, and bent the rest like grass.

I crept along in the darkness, trying to find some place of shelter; but I stumbled against the trees, and fell over stones.

At last, by help of the lightning, I found a little cave in the side of a great rock. I

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crept in, glad to be safe from the falling timber and the flashing lightning.

Soon I heard something creep into the cave; then I saw two green eyes shining in the dark, and a wolf lay down beside me.

Do not be frightened, little one. The wolf and I lay there side by side all that long, dark night.

The rain rushed, the wind roared, the thunder rattled, and the great rock shook in the storm; but in that little cave the wolf and I lay side by side. I felt his wet fur press against me, and we each of us warmed the other.

When the morning came, the wolf crept out and went his way into the wild, wet woods; and I crept out and found the path, and went on my way down the mountain.

"Daughter, kiss me in payment!
Hark! how the wind is roaring!
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring."

THE END.

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